THE SPEAKER

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

"A NEW situation has been created" in our difficulties with the South African Republic by the failure of the Conference at Bloemfontein. So Mr. Chamberlain told the House of Commons on Thursday evening; and the situation, which is awkward though not unexpected, may easily be made very grave indeed. The Conference broke up on Tuesday without result. Full information is still wanting; but the failure was due to the fact that the British and Boer proposals for the extension of the franchise were found entirely irreconcilable. Sir Alfred Milner's proposals would have admitted to citizenship of the Republic, and to the vote, all those Uitlanders who have resided there for five years at least, and who would take a naturalisation oath, less stringent than that now in use. President Kruger proposed two years' residence as the minimum necessary for naturalisation, with a further period of five years before acquisition of the right to vote; he inserted other qualifications, even less admissible; he refused to give an adequate share of representation to the mining districts; and he insisted on the recognition of the principle of arbitration between the two countries as a preliminary to any further proposals from his side. Unless it is accepted in principle, he declines to lay the British proposals before the Volksraad; and, even if he did so, the Volksraad is more conservative than he is. We discuss the situation on a later page.

A TRAGICAL and melancholy incident marked the proceedings in the House of Commons on Monday evening, when the debate on the grant to Lord Kitchener was taking place. Mr. Robert Wallace, the well-known member for East Edinburgh, had commenced a speech in opposition to the grant when he was suddenly seized with illness, and fell upon his seat unconscious. He was carried out of the House by a fellow-member, Mr. John Burns, and conveyed to Westminster Hospital, where, two or three hours later, he expired. It is long since a similar incident has happened in Parliament. In Mr. Wallace the Liberal party loses one of the most acute and powerful intellects it possessed. Mr. Wallace was far too independent and too unmindful of official traditions to be a favourite with ordinary politicians of the partisan type. This fact did not, however, detract from his usefulness as a member of Parliament. If he had not been given to somewhat erratic lines of thought and political action he would unquestionably have established himself as one of the powers in the House. As it is, that assembly has lost a member who was at least absolutely free from the taint of mediocrity.

MR. MORLEY'S attack upon the Kitchener grant on Monday evening was not attended with much success. The grant itself was voted by 393 to 51, and of the 51 who voted with Mr. Morley one-half consisted of Irish members. Mr. Morley was careful to dissociate his opposition to the grant from any question of policy, so that the significance even of the scanty support he received was but small. He based himself almost exclusively upon the interference with the remains of the Mahdi — a man whose name is synonymous with the vilest and most cruel forms of religious fanaticism and religious hypocrisy. Mr. Morley dwelt much upon the natural repugnance of civilised, and even uncivilised, races to make war upon the dead, but he spoke, as he himself acknowledged, to a very unsympathetic audience. Mr. Balfour denied that there had been any mutilation of the Mahdi's body. It had resolved itself, he declared, into a mere collection of bones. The removal of these bones from the shrine in which they had been preserved was a deliberate act of policy, adopted by Lord Kitchener in what he believed to be the best interests of the people of the Soudan. The debate which followed the speeches of Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour had no particular significance, whilst the division clearly indicated the opinion of the House.

ON Tuesday, in the House of Lords, Lord Russell of Killowen moved the second reading of his Bill for the prevention of corruption. The Bill proposes to make the payment of secret commissions a criminal act. It strikes at one of the worst evils of our commercial and business life; nor is the evil, as some recent cases have proved, by any means confined to the business classes. Lord Russell was able to show the House of Lords that the Chambers of Commerce throughout the country unanimously favour the principle of his measure. At the same time he admitted that it needed amendment in certain matters of detail. The Bishops of London and Winchester and the Lord Chancellor heartily welcomed the Bill, whilst Lord Londonderry, on behalf of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce, objected to some of its proposals as being too drastic. The Bill was read a second time without a division.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday the Report stage of the London Government Bill was entered upon. The most important question raised was that of the eligibility of women to serve on the new councils. Mr. Courtney moved an amendment to the effect that no person should be disqualified by sex or marriage from serving either as alderman or councillor. Sir Henry Fowler supported this amendment on the ground that experience had shown that the administrative work of women on school boards and boards of guardians was very valuable. At the same time he declared that he would oppose any attempt to make women eligible as mayors, magistrates, or members of Parliament. After a discussion, in the course of which Mr. Labouchere implored the House to reject the proposal, it was carried by 196 votes against 161. Other amendments which were proposed to various clauses of the measure were rejected.

On Wednesday the business of the House was conducted with very unusual rapidity, and "the real Education Bill" had a notable success. The Service Franchise Bill—a harmless measure, but ridiculously small—was considerably widened by the passage of an amendment not accepted by the promoters, and so the way was left open for Mr. Robson's Education of Children Bill, which also got through Committee, after several hostile amendments had been ruled out of order. Two measures dealing with the control of the liquor traffic were then respectively shelved and rejected, the Government opposing them on the ground that it was undesirable to do anything pending the issue of the Report of the Licensing Commission—as if that Report were likely to lead to anything. The success of Mr. Robson's Bill is eminently gratifying; and we trust its passage through the House of Lords may be made easy by the Ministry.

On Thursday it was the principal business of both Houses to express the thanks of the nation for the services of Lord Kitchener of Khartoum and the troops concerned in the Soudan expedition. Lord Salisbury referred in terms of the highest praise, not only to Lord Kitchener's brilliant success in overcoming the multitudinous difficulties which had beset him, but to the services of Lord Wolseley's officers in preparing the way for a success not vouchsafed to the expedition of 1885. Lord Kimberley concurred in the praise given by Lord Salisbury, and added an emphatic tribute to Lord Cromer. Previously, on the question of the grant to Lord Kitchener, Lord Kimberley had taken occasion to add his protest to those of the Liberal leader in the other House against the treatment of the Mahdi's remains. In the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour made specific mention of the services rendered by the various officers specified, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman heartily concurring in expressing the admiration and gratitude of the House. A division was challenged by Mr. Davitt on the resolution referring to Lord Kitchener, and was carried by 321 votes to 20. The second resolution, thanking the officers, caused some discussion as to the alleged killing of the wounded, but was carried by 321 to 20, while the third, thanking the non-commissioned officers and the rank and file, was carried by 347 to 18. In both Houses statements had previously been made, almost identical in substance, as to the failure of the Bloemfontein Conference.

Mr. Balfour's speech at the Conservative banquet at the Café Monico on Wednesday evening was not very interesting, except towards its close. His criticism of the Liberal position was based partly on the grotesque misapprehension of Lord Rosebery's speech at the City Liberal Club which was exposed in our columns a month ago, and partly on the usual exaggerations of the differences between the Liberal leaders as representing cleavages in the rank and file. He thought that, in spite of the view he attributed to Lord Rosebery, the Liberal party would not "go back to 1885," but would stick to Home Rule and so necessitate Unionist vigilance. He assured his hearers that if Parliament was uninteresting the reason was that the machine was working perfectly, and that the difference between Liberals and Conservatives was not in their principles, but in their views as to the method of carrying them out—the Liberals thought a great constitutional change requisite, the Conservatives did not. To reach this position, it may be noted, Mr. Balfour had to reduce his statements of principle to platitude. But the really significant part of his speech was the reference to the failure of the Transvaal Conference. He declared that the Uitlanders were demanding only "elementary rights founded on natural law," and that their just demands were backed up, not only by the whole Anglo-Saxon community, but by all well-wishers of "the independent Republic of South Africa." We do not know what Mr. Chamberlain will say to this abandonment of the case for suzerainty; but we are grateful to Mr. Balfour for bringing "natural law" back into English political speech. However, he is a Scotsman, and in Scotland they have always held fast to the conception.

Belfast during the week has been doing something to further our understanding of what Unionist statesmen portentously call "the Ulster problem." The Ulster problem seems to be mainly a question of how to manage a fanatical population which at times, especially in hot weather, is liable to take to rioting—in fact, a magistrate's, not a statesman's, question. The same problem gives an administrator in Indian cities a week's anxiety sometimes; but he deals with the emergency without any appeal to high politics. Mr. William O'Brien, in the exercise of his rights under the Constitution, proceeded on Monday to hold a perfectly lawful meeting in Belfast. The Orangemen, with howls of frenzy, endeavoured to shed the blood of Mr. O'Brien's followers, and to wreck the Catholic quarter of the town. It took about two thousand troops—quite an expeditionary force—to prevent them carrying out their purpose. When thwarted in it, the Orangemen—and women—fell upon their old enemies, the police, with unexampled savagery, and for a night or two Belfast was a pandemonium. The Chief Secretary, it seems to us, did all that was requisite on the occasion to preserve order; and he will now have the distinction of having the Royal Irish Constabulary, who at different times have been known in Belfast as "Spencer's murderers" and "Morley's murderers," named, in that loyal city, "Balfour's murderers" after him. It will be well for statesmen and politicians over here to note the significance of these conditions, and consider how far it is wise to let their policy towards Ireland as a whole be determined by a local minority whose political development is illustrated by this week's scenes in the chief city of Ulster.

One of the most malignant misrepresentations of a dead man that we ever remember to have noticed, was made a few weeks ago by a Welsh clergyman with regard to the late Mr. T. E. Ellis. The clergyman read to his congregation from the pulpit the following extract from a letter which he had received:—"I think that the will of Tom Ellis will open the eyes of the poor farmers of Merioneth who have been subscribing to his keep all these years." The clergyman then referred to the large amount of money left by Mr. Ellis, and proceeded to describe his life as an illustration of one of the evils due to the influence of Calvinism in Wales, "the prevalence of deceit." Sir John Brunner, who

has better means than most men of knowing the truth with regard to Mr. Ellis, has given an emphatic contradiction to this cruel attack upon his friend's memory. The farmers of Merioneth did not subscribe to Mr. Ellis's keep, though so far back as 1890 the Liberals of Wales did present him with the sum of eleven hundred pounds as a tribute of respect. The only other gift he received from them was a piece of plate worth about £80. The money he left, about £10,000, was the result of his investment of his own savings. It is difficult to speak with patience of the kind of warfare which this clergyman has seen fit to wage upon the dead.

THE centenary of the Royal Institution has been celebrated in London this week under exceptionally favourable circumstances. The history and work of the Institution are dealt with on another page by a highly competent pen. Here it is only necessary to say that a body which is associated with the labours of such men as Davy, Faraday, Tyndall, and Dewar must command the respect of all who are interested in the advancement of science and culture. On Monday evening a banquet in honour of the centenary was held in Merchant Taylors' Hall, under the presidency of the Duke of Northumberland. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge attended, and spoke, and the distinguished company, which numbered more than two hundred, comprised almost all the leading men of science in this country, and a large number of scientific representatives from abroad. On Tuesday Lord Rayleigh delivered a commemorative lecture in the theatre of the Institution, the Prince of Wales presiding, and a reception was held in the evening at the Mansion House. On Wednesday there was also a lecture, at which Professor Dewar exhibited, for the first time in public, liquid hydrogen—a substance intensely interesting in itself, and even more so as affording a conclusive verification of the anticipations of science.

ABROAD. ON Saturday last the Court of Cassation delivered judgment in the Dreyfus case. Dreyfus—now temporarily restored to his title of Captain—is to be tried by a fresh court-martial at Rennes, the military centre which will be most convenient in view of his arrival at St. Nazaire, where he is expected to arrive on Monday the 26th inst. The judgment lays stress on the communication of secret documents to the original court-martial by General Mercier, as a "new fact" necessitating a new trial, and therefore renders it necessary that the Chamber should consider the question of his impeachment. The decision is a triumph for justice, and a heavy blow to the militarists, Jesuits, and society plotters against the Republic. Their feelings, and also their impotence, were exhibited by the disgraceful and ludicrous attack on the President of the Republic at the Auteuil Races on Sunday last. President Loubet was hooted by the leaders—male and female—of Parisian society, aided by hired roughs; he was assaulted with a loaded cane by Baron Christiani, a grandson of one of Napoleon's generals, who, however, got the worst of the encounter, and nobody was much hurt save the two unfortunate policemen who interfered. There have also been reports—which may be true, for the conspirators are fatuous enough for anything—of a plot to kidnap President Loubet, presumably in the hope of stopping the machinery of the State, and of the arrival of the Duke of Orleans in Paris, disguised in blue spectacles and a false beard, and with many trunks full of badges for his admirers. And it was noted that Captain Baratier, Major Marchand's companion, was received enthusiastically as he swaggered about the racecourse by the disturbers and their friends, and was embraced by the Duchesse d'Uzès. Is he to be the new Boulanger?

BARON CHRISTIANI and his friends have done Parliamentarism a real service: they have discredited the whole militarist and Jesuit movement, and made it possible for the more moderate sympathisers with the Army to draw off from the section which is really malignant and dangerous. But the measures taken by the Government are not, so far, very severe. They have closed the Automobile Club and the Puteaux Athletic Club—which has its home on an island in the Seine, secluded from the mainland and suitable for plotters, but owned, strange to say, by one of the Rothschilds—and have arrested several of the members, with others concerned in the scene of Sunday. They have also laid before the Chamber the passage in the judgment of the Court of Cassation affecting General Mercier; but when the question came before that body on Monday, the Ministry declined to give it a lead. M. Ribot favoured delay, and a motion by M. Pourquery de Boisserin—a violent militarist—postponing the question till after the Dreyfus court-martial should be over, was carried by 292 to 238. Previously, motions had been passed condemning the Auteuil disturbances and expressing confidence in the Government by 513 to 32 and 326 to 173. On the motion of a Socialist, M. Viviani, the judgment of the Court of Cassation was ordered (by 317 votes to 212) to be placarded throughout France. The Senate next day condemned the Auteuil outrage by 258 votes to 29. The postponement of General Mercier's impeachment is furiously attacked by the anti militarist Press—notably by M. Clemenceau, in the *Aurore*—as a piece of cowardice. On the whole, however, the Chamber and the Ministry seem to us to be right. M. Dupuy is still temporising, and allowing the question to wear itself out.

THE announcement that the last remnant of the Spanish Empire in the Pacific is to be purchased by Germany has been received with acclamations by the organs of the German colonial enthusiasts. The islands, it is said, link Kiaochau to the German possessions in New Guinea, and New Guinea to the future German colony of Samoa; and Herr von Bülow has achieved a diplomatic triumph where even Prince Bismarck failed in 1885. More dispassionate observers may think that the difference between 1885 and 1899 marks only the decay of Spanish sentiment, or the awakening of her practical intelligence. The islands (as Herr Richter's paper scornfully points out) have been known for centuries, but were never claimed by any European Power till 1885. In that year Spain meditated appointing a Governor, and a German vessel hoisted the German flag on the Carolines. There was a demonstration before the German Embassy in Madrid, and the question was referred to the arbitration of the Pope, who decided in favour of Spain. The trade of the islands appears to be partly in German hands; but it is stated that the German plantation companies hardly pay working expenses, that the exports are trifling, and the imports come from America and Australia.

BY the treaty, which is to be laid before the Cortes and the Reichstag, Germany pays 25,000,000 pesetas—about £850,000—and Spanish trade and the Spanish religious orders are to have equal privileges with those of Germany in the islands; wherein we see possibilities of trouble. The islands look well on the map, and will no doubt be developed by the German Colonial Office with great forethought and care, and without appreciable profit to German trade or commerce. Indeed, the suggestion made some years ago by Herr Richter, that it would be cheaper to give every German colonist £200 a year to stay at home and abandon

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

the empire, comes back to the mind now, since Germany is paying about £8,500 for every German inhabitant of the islands. However, the treaty will probably be voted. The Catholic Centre hold the balance, and the German religious orders will desire to extend their mission work under their own flag.

THE remainder of the political prisoners condemned for participation in the revolutionary movement at Milan in April of last year have received an "indulgence" on the occasion of the annual commemoration of the granting of the Italian Constitution. Signori de Andréis and Turati, deputies, Romussi, of the *Secolo*, and Chiesi, of the defunct *Italia del Popolo* of Milan, and other leaders of the Extreme Left, are included. They are not, however, restored to their political rights, but are merely released from prison; and their adherents do not seem particularly grateful for the concession.

THE correspondence which led up to the recent Anglo-Russian agreement as to railways in China, which has just been published as a Parliamentary paper, shows that the Russian diplomatists are quite as suspicious of British aggression as any of our own Russophobes, and that they exhibit a fear of competing lines which might be natural in a new country like Argentina, but is absolutely ridiculous when we consider the potential traffic of China. The body of the agreement, it seems, was suggested by M. Lessar, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires in London, in August last, but Lord Salisbury, very properly, demanded the insertion of a general clause providing against any preferential rates or differential treatment on the lines. This was postponed by M. Witte as too technical to be settled till the railways were made (it is not easy to see why), and Lord Salisbury gave way. Twice the negotiations were diversified by exhibitions of nervousness on the part of the Russian negotiators: in February at a report that the British Embassy had supported some exorbitant British claim at Newchwang, and in March at the discovery by Count Muravieff that the Chinese line to Newchwang was not to follow the coast, but to diverge to Sinminting—a place, however, which neither the Russian Foreign Minister nor the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg was at first able to locate. As the result of this discovery, the corollary giving Russia the right to construct railways running south-westerly from Sinminting was added to the agreement.

THE result of the corollary is, first, the Russian demand for an independent entrance to Peking; next, that for an extension from that city to the borders of the Yangtse region. And now the Russians are nervous again. The Peking Syndicate, an English corporation, wishing to develop its mining rights in Honan and Shansi, proposes to make two lines, one to take traffic down to the Hoangho, the other from south-west Honan eastwards to a point on the Yangtse kiang opposite Nanking. Both lines may some day interfere with possible feeders of the last-named Russian line, and so the Russians are pressing the Chinese to oppose them. The fact is, the Russians are conscious that their feeders to the Siberian railway are fighting against nature, and they are clearly aware that they cannot face open competition. The traffic arrangements of the Newchwang line, it may be noted, appear from the engineering report printed in the correspondence to be far superior to anything in England or America.

THE American difficulties in the Philippines seem to be increasing. An attempt to clear the Filipinos out of the peninsula between the Pasig river and the Rio Grande has failed owing to their skill in guerilla warfare and to the extreme heat. Moreover, refugees are flocking into Manila in such numbers that they are necessarily refused admittance—and the necessity is intensified by the suspicion that some of them are Filipino soldiers out of uniform sent in to seize the capital. Apparently, however, the situation is strengthening the determination of America to keep her hold on the islands. A number of American clergy—Roman Catholic clergy, especially—have declared, through the *New York Herald*, that unless America subdues the islands, civilisation in them will be at an end. The Roman Catholic clergy, in particular, fear for the religious orders, whom the Filipinos would assuredly exterminate if they could. We believe these orders—vicious as clergy, grasping as landlords—will eventually have to be bought out, and the American Congress is hardly a fit body to elaborate a measure which will present as many difficulties as an Irish Land Act. For the present, however, it can hardly be doubted that America must stick to her task.

LITERATURE, etc.

THE position of "Humanism"—or in other words of classical studies—formed the subject of Professor Jebb's Romanes lecture at Oxford on Wednesday last. On the whole, the lecturer was hopeful as to the position of those studies to-day. Thirty years ago there was a strong movement to oust them in favour of science; to-day, science has come in, but has not made good its exclusive claims. Moreover, the newer developments of interest in classical topography, archæology, and art have strengthened the position held by the classical literatures. Professor Jebb laid stress on the value of the study both of the form of the classics and of their matter (though we do not set the latter so high as the men of the Renaissance) and declared that they served the purpose which an Academy would serve, without its concurrent evils—that of helping to form a public force of correct literary opinion. That is excellently put; but how much "correct literary opinion" is possessed or sought, by those aspiring Germans whose chief aim it is to effect a fresh disintegration of the dialogues of Plato, or by the eminent English scholar who declared that "our business is not to understand Plato, but to translate him"? This was possibly sarcasm, but we have known scholars who acted on a similar principle in all seriousness. And, with all deference to Professor Jebb, we believe the strengthening of "the humanities" to have been due quite as much to "the comparative method" as to the influence of travel and the newer specialism. It is because ancient Greece and Italy afford the best-known models of certain structural types of society, because their literature is seen in relation to modern literature, their history to that of modern Europe, that we have maintained them as the central element in our highest education.

THE third International Congress of Publishers has been in session in London this week. The Presidential address, delivered by Mr. John Murray on Wednesday, commented particularly on the deplorable neglect of America—thanks to her Protectionism—to give that full recognition to the claims of alien literature which most other nations have secured by the Berne Convention, and also on the grievous debasement of literature produced by the ignorance of readers who prefer what is new and trivial to what is old and good (a complaint as old as Horace, by the way), and varied scraps to solid food. A more hopeful view was taken by Mr. Bryce at the dinner on Wednesday evening, in his prophecy that the owners of copyrights would be the millionaires of the future. The fact is, both views are right. The reading public is diversified enough both to consume sweepings and standard literature; and nothing is a more remarkable feature of the trade to-day than the quantity of books with established reputations

which publishers find it worth while to re-issue in forms which it is worth while for the public to buy and keep. If only the United States would make it also worth while to export these thither, what a service it would do to its own people, who are a better reading public than our own!

OBITUARY.

To Dr. Wallace, M.P., reference has been made on an earlier page.—Sir Henry Binns, K.C.M.G., had done much to develop the sugar industry of Natal, and had been Premier of that colony since 1897.—Sir Melmoth Osborn, K.C.M.G., had been British Resident in Zululand—working his way up through the Colonial Service—from 1880 to 1893.—The Hon. Sir Célicourt Anselme, K.C.M.G., was one of the chief personages of Mauritius.—Mr. John Nixon, a North-countryman by birth, had taken the leading part in developing the Welsh steam coal trade, and was one of the original promoters of the sliding scale wages system, which, though it has not fully realised expectation, has done much towards the maintenance of industrial peace.—Mr. Robert Cox had been M.P. for South Edinburgh since 1895. He was a large manufacturer and a Liberal Unionist.—Dr. J. G. S. Coghill, of Ventnor, was a high authority on the treatment of consumption, and had devoted the best part of his life to the care of sufferers from the disease.—Miss Margaret Cusack, better known as "the Nun of Kenmare," had been an active establisher of convents and an abbess. Subsequently she had become a Protestant, and delivered lectures on the errors of the Roman creed.—Mr. Frank Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was a conspicuous figure in the American railway world. Like some other American railway magnates connected with thoroughly well-managed lines, his policy tended rather towards the perfection of the line—in whose service his working life had been spent—than towards liberality in the matter of dividends.—Mr. Augustin Daly will be gratefully remembered by English playgoers as the introducer to them of a very able company of American actors.—Professor Klaus Groth, of Kiel, had won fame as the restorer of the popular literature of the Platt-Deutsch tongue.—Herr Johann Strauss, of Vienna, will be remembered as one of the most brilliant and popular composers of dance music and comic opera.—Prof. Heinrich Siegel, also of Vienna, was a high authority on German law.—M. Laviron was the last of the disciples of the anarchic Socialism of Fourier.

LIBERALS AND MILITARISM.

WE are glad to think that we are spared the necessity of having to discuss seriously the question of the Mahdi's head. The vote of the House of Commons on Mr. Morley's amendment established the fact that our representatives are not inclined to punish a man who has done yeoman's service for England because he may have made a single blunder under exceptional circumstances. We say "may" advisedly, for it does not seem that any one of us is really in a position to pass final judgment upon the conduct of Lord Kitchener in disinterring the bones of the Mahdi from their resting-place amid the blood and filth of Omdurman. That it was a gruesome act—as Mr. Morley called it—we admit unhesitatingly. That it jars upon our sense of propriety cannot be questioned. That it was a mistake is very probable. But when the commander of an expeditionary force like that which plucked the whole Soudan from the hands of the Khalifa last autumn solemnly declares that he took this step, not from any of the base motives imputed to him by some of his critics, but from his conviction as to what was necessary and right in the interests both of his soldiers and of the people of the conquered territory, we do not feel that Parliamentary eloquence weighs for very much when we have to pronounce our own opinion on the act. The outcry that we have heard about it springs largely from the inability of most of us to understand what war really is. Until the days of the Franco-German struggle the actualities of a battle-field had never been presented to us by means of the newspaper reporter and the electric telegraph. Dr. Russell, when he acted as special correspondent of *The Times* in the Crimea, wrote in the spirit of the historian rather than of the newspaper reporter. He did not enlarge upon the inevitable horrors of the battle-field, and he studiously sought to fix the attention of his readers upon the bigger movements and issues of the campaign. But nowadays the public is not satisfied with this treatment of a war. It wants actualities, the grim horrible facts that our fighting men have had to face upon the field of battle ever since war was first invented. And as the public usually gets what it wants, the result is that persons with tender hearts or unstrung nerves are shocked and horrified, just as young students are when they first assist at an operation in surgery. We do not say that it is a bad thing that the public should learn almost at first hand what war really is, what it means, not on the glowing canvas of the historical painter, but in its grim and dreadful reality. Anything that helps us to understand its hideousness, its negation of all the principles which we are taught to value and uphold in our ordinary dealings with our fellow-creatures, must be for good, for it ought to make us hate the idea of war still more than we do. But there is an evil side to this invasion of the light of publicity into the deeds of the battlefield. It leads men to see and shudder at some isolated piece of cruelty, instead of making them fix their attention upon the greater issues that are at stake. It even causes thousands of good people to feel a thrill of horror when they learn that the bones of one of the worst monsters humanity has ever bred have been treated with unseemly rudeness by a victorious general. We confess that if the only shock which has been given by General Kitchener to the humanitarian instincts of the British public is that caused by his treatment of the Mahdi's bones, we think the British public has extremely little of which to complain.

Mr. Morley must, we feel certain, have been conscious of this last fact when he made his laboured and by no means effective speech on Monday. He at least knows what war is and *must be*, and he must have been well aware that many things infinitely more dreadful than the disinterment of the Mahdi's bones happened on the stricken field of Omdurman. His object, we are convinced, was an excellent one. He seized this isolated incident in order to make it serve as an illustration of the seamy side of war. But that being, as we do not doubt, his real object, he failed to grapple with the heart of the problem that he touched with gingerly fingers. That problem is simply the old debating society topic of the lawfulness of war. If war is lawful, if under any conceivable circumstances it can be right to wage it, then we have no right to condemn those incidents of warfare which not only every soldier but every student of history and every philosopher must know to be unavoidable. Mr. Morley did not set forth the proposition that all war is criminal. If he had done so he would have stood upon firm ground, and would have been quite justified from his own standpoint if he had presented Lord Kitchener to us not as a hero but as a murderer. We presume that Mr. Morley

did not take his stand upon the proposition that all war is unlawful in itself for one of two reasons: either he does not believe in that proposition, or he knows that he cannot induce the House of Commons or any other representative body of his fellow-countrymen to accept it. Whatever may have been his reason for not taking up the only logical position open to him in his criticism of Lord Kitchener, he must see that he has placed himself in a false position. When a man seizes upon a particular incident in a campaign in order to assail the conduct of a general, unless that incident is one of a particularly heinous and unjustifiable kind, he cannot hope to make any impression upon the sober judgment of the public. The incident of the Mahdi's bones cannot have been the most terrible thing that happened at Omdurman; and as to whether it was justifiable or not, we have to remember that Lord Kitchener, Lord Cromer, and the best authorities on the spot, unhesitatingly assert that it was. They may be wrong in their opinion, but at least there is no reason to doubt that they formed it in good faith.

But if Mr. Morley occupied a doubtful position in the debate on Monday, we cannot say that he strengthened it in the few supplementary words which he spoke to the Eighty Club on Tuesday. Here again he inveighed against "militarism," and solemnly adjured the Liberal party to say whether it was or was not on the side of that hateful thing. But he gave us no definition of militarism, nor did he tell us what his own position with regard to war really was. If by the word "militarism" he meant the lust for war either for the sake of war itself or for the sake of the plunder and the "glory" which a successful war may bring in its train, then he was really offering something like an insult to those whom he addressed. There is no real Liberal, to whatever section of the party he may belong, who would stand up in public and defend this kind of militarism. It is just as hateful to every other prominent member of our party as it is to Mr. Morley himself. We cannot suppose that Mr. Morley is ignorant of this fact, and we are consequently driven to assume that his own position with regard to war is a more extreme one—extreme on the side of peace—than he has yet declared. If it be so, then we think that he is bound to enlighten us as to his true standpoint. It is not fair to his party, or to any member of that party, that he should use vague words in order to hint dreadful things against men who may be as free from the odious charge commonly conveyed by the word "militarism" as he is himself. Last week we put certain questions to him in the hope of elucidating his real position with regard to what is known as Imperialism. He has not answered those questions, and we are still, therefore, in the dark as to his meaning when he declares that he is not an Imperialist as other men are. Now he carries his charge against his party a stage further. We are, it seems, not only being drawn towards Imperialism, but towards something still more dreadful, Militarism. Surely we are entitled to ask him to justify this charge; and surely we have also the right to ask him to define precisely his own position as regards war. If he were to do so we believe that one of two things would happen. Either we should find that there is not that real difference between himself and other Liberals the existence of which he is so fond of alleging, or we should learn that his own views are so extreme that, except in one small section of society, by which they have been honourably and openly upheld for centuries, there is no one amongst us who shares them. In short, unless Mr. Morley holds the opinions of the Society of Friends on the question of war, we do not think that he has any right to assume that he is a greater enemy of militarism than anybody else in his party.

THE VICTORY OF JUSTICE.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, says the Greek proverb, yet they grind exceeding small. The friends of justice in France have had a long time to wait, but now their triumph is complete. The judgment of the Supreme Court, the unanimous opinion of nearly fifty judges, is absolutely final and conclusive. It decides, first, that Captain Dreyfus was illegally condemned by the communication of secret documents to the court-martial, and, secondly, that he was not the author of the *bordereau*, which is the only tangible piece of evidence. It further finds that Captain Dreyfus never, as had been alleged, confessed his guilt, and that the mysterious bundle of papers at the War Office, which five successive Ministers declared to establish his crime, did not refer to him at all. M. Clémenceau, M. Scheurer-Kestner, M. Reinach, even Mdme. Dreyfus herself, could ask for no more than this. These men, with M. Zola and others, have laboured with unselfish courage in the cause of innocence, and now they have their reward. But at this moment the thoughts of France and of Europe must naturally turn to the heroic lady who has at length obtained the release and vindication of her husband. Few women have passed through such an ordeal without the loss of their health or their reason. But Mdme. Dreyfus, like her husband, was sustained by faith and hope. She had good reason to know that the charge against Captain Dreyfus was false. For even if she could have imagined him to be a traitor, her eyes would have been opened to the machinations of his accusers by the lies which they told about his private life. He was a man in easy circumstances, an affectionate husband and father, who had no extravagant tastes, and never wanted money. The emissaries of the General Staff, who must regard Ananias as a bungling amateur, concocted a series of falsehoods the effect of which was to represent him as a profligate and ruined debauchee. These falsehoods are only important now because they show the bad faith of the General Staff. If General de Boisdeffre and General Gonse and General de Pellieux had honestly supposed Captain Dreyfus to have treacherously communicated with foreign Powers, they would certainly not have stooped to the fabrication of these infamous libels. They were conscious that the case could only be bolstered up by wholesale mendacity and fraud.

M. Mazeau, the First President of the Supreme Court, is said to have delivered before all his colleagues an eloquent tribute to the services of the Criminal Chamber. The compliment was in the nature of an apology, and ought to have been accompanied by an expression of penitence. For when M. Dupuy introduced his Bill for transferring "the affair" from the Criminal Chamber to the Supreme Court, M. Mazeau insinuated rather than asserted that M. Loew and the other judges of criminal appeal were under the influence of political prejudice. For this base insinuation there was no ground whatever. The only fault to be found with the Criminal Chamber was that it let the generals off too easily, and did not subject their evidence to the stringent cross-examination which it so urgently required. However, all's well that ends well, and a candid critic will be disposed to admit that the new law, objectionable as it was in principle, has had one good practical result.

The attacks made against the Criminal Chamber have not been renewed by any respectable journal or by any decent politician against the full Court. France at last accepts the definite conclusion that a terrible and, in one sense, an irreparable blunder was made four years and a half ago. M. Dupuy's motives are open to suspicion, for he was Prime Minister when Captain Dreyfus was condemned. But we cannot in fairness deny that the full Court speaks with a stronger voice than would have belonged to the Criminal Chamber alone. The placarding of the judgment throughout France, which the Chamber of Deputies ordered by a considerable majority, is not a merely formal proceeding. It will have a practical effect of the utmost importance. The newspaper which has the largest circulation in France, if not in the world, is the *Petit Journal*. The *Petit Journal* has not only been systematically opposed to revision; it has deliberately withheld from its readers facts which told in favour of Captain Dreyfus. These are now published in a succinct form, so that he who runs may read them, and they will appear in the most conspicuous places of every French town or village. The French people are, as a rule, indifferent to foreign opinion, and will not read newspapers with which they do not agree. But they respect the law, and indeed it was their ingrained reverence for legal tribunals which made it so difficult to persuade them that Dreyfus had been wrongfully condemned.

The impeachment of General Mercier has been postponed by the Chamber till after the second court-martial. For Captain Dreyfus will, as a matter of form, be brought to trial again; this time at Rennes. But the seven officers before whom he will appear have not a very dignified part assigned to them. They must answer one question, and one question only. It is a question which answers itself. They cannot go into the confession, which the judges have found to be false, or into the *dossier secret*, which the same judges have declared irrelevant, or into the authorship of the *bordereau*, now authoritatively pronounced to be the work of Esterhazy. They must say whether Dreyfus did or did not furnish foreign Governments, for an unlawful purpose, with the information to which the *bordereau* refers. The form of the question is, of course, intended to make acquittal necessary. For it is as clear as the sun at noonday that this information was given by the author of the *bordereau* himself, namely, by Esterhazy. The proof of this man's guilt is plainly set out in the judgment, though he is not mentioned by name. He should have used a different sort of paper if he wished to conceal his identity. The ultimate impeachment of General Mercier can hardly be avoided. A Minister of State who commits so gross an offence as to tamper with a court of justice, with the object of preventing either a soldier or civilian from having a fair trial, cannot escape punishment in a law-abiding community. General Mercier's conduct is aggravated by the fact that, as Minister of War, and therefore Head of the Army, he was bound to protect the interests of an accused officer, and to see that he had the amplest opportunities for self-defence. If, as there is good reason to believe, he falsified the secret document by changing "ce canaille de D." into "cette canaille de Dreyfus," it would be difficult to find a penalty too great for his crime. General Duchêne is now inquiring into the truth of M. Zola's allegation that General de Pellieux ordered the acquittal of Esterhazy, whose guilt is now as notorious as Captain Dreyfus's innocence. Du Paty de Clam is in prison, and the conspiracy is broken up. But desirable as it may be to let bygones be bygones, some examples must be made.

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S REFUSAL.

THE Conference at Bloemfontein has ended as we anticipated it would. Sir Alfred Milner, clever and plausible man as he is, has been unable to even get on close terms with the Transvaal Government. He has produced his demands for reform, they have answered him with lengthy and apparently carefully prepared constitutional arguments, but there has been nothing like a friendly attempt to solve known difficulties, and to work out in unison a scheme for peace and the better government of South Africa. So far as the facts can be ascertained Sir Alfred Milner made unconditionally one considerable concession in consenting to arbitration as a means of settling the damages to be paid for the Jameson raid, but he got absolutely nothing in return. Even the franchise proposals which President Kruger made, narrow and unsatisfactory as we shall show them to be, were subject to the condition that our Government should agree that all future disputes as to the meaning of the London Convention should be subject to arbitration. Such a suggestion is, of course, inadmissible. The London Convention was drawn up under conditions very different from those of to-day. The Transvaal was then a pastoral State intended to be left to the undisturbed possession of its farmer burghers. The only points of any importance to the Home Government which it sought to safeguard were security to South Africa from the intrigues of foreign Powers, and the reasonable protection of those British subjects who chose to trade in the little townships of the Republic. Since then the simple burghers have sold two-thirds of the land of their country to newcomers. In that two-thirds wealth has been developed, not without the expenditure of vast capital; a population of alien origin has built up a great city and organised a gold-mining industry which to all appearance is the most permanent and considerable which the world has yet seen. It is as clear as anything can be that no British Minister would now put his signature to the terms of the London Convention, and if the Convention is to be revised by inserting a provision which would permanently secure the Boers against any armed interference to enforce the civil rights of the Englishmen in the Transvaal, we must have a complete revision, and the Convention as to which arbitration would take place must be rendered clear and unambiguous—redrafted in fact—to bring it into accord with modern circumstances.

It is not inconceivable that if a complete measure of franchise reform were given, a Home Government might have security more effectual than any treaty for future good relations between the Transvaal and the Cape and Great Britain. If the Uitlanders had votes we should have much less reason for interference in Johannesburg than we have for interference in Melbourne or Sydney. President Kruger, however, seems to be determined to prevent any franchise reform as long as he can. He stipulates that the full franchise is not to be granted without seven years' residence, save in the case of that very small number of persons who had taken up their permanent residence in the country before 1890. He makes it a condition for obtaining naturalisation that the would-be citizen should be in the occupation of a house worth fifty pounds a year, or in the enjoyment of an income of at least two hundred pounds per annum—probably the highest property qualification which has ever been proposed in any country. He further stipulates that every Uitlander must, as a condition of obtaining naturalisation, prove that he was possessed

of civic rights in the country where he had previously lived. If by civic rights we are to understand the franchise, this would, of course, prevent most of the young men who left the home countries at about the age of twenty-one from ever obtaining a vote in the Transvaal, however long they lived there. Finally, he refuses to modify the oath in order to meet the feelings of those who do not wish to forswear their previous nationality. It seems quite useless to argue in detail on the merits of these proposals. They are obviously and plainly designed in order to retain as long as possible the actual and practical and financial control of the country in the hands of those who now possess that valuable commodity—a vote. The Boers have the power, the power involves an easy means of livelihood, and the Boers have no notion of giving up the power until they have to. It may be that in the course of years the decay of racial feeling and the gradual enlightenment of the burgher population might lead without disturbance to some modification of the present condition of things, but frankly we become as years go on steadily less sanguine of seeing any speedy change brought about by merely pacific means. We cannot honestly tell the Boers that we think they would individually gain by giving up the valuable privileges which they now enjoy. It is not in the least likely that if the majority of the voters in the Transvaal were Englishmen they would employ, least of all in the urban districts, Dutch officials or Dutch policemen. The price of concessions, if price there were to be, would not then be paid to the Dutchmen, and thus there is a reason, a clear if a selfish reason, for the Boers' anti-democratic views, and they are not at all the sort of people to give up a special advantage for nothing.

Though, however, we did not anticipate the conference would be successful, we cannot blame Sir Alfred Milner for going to Bloemfontein, nor Mr. Chamberlain for allowing him to go. Every effort ought to be made to produce by friendly negotiations, if not a settlement, at least a *modus vivendi*. There was just an off-chance of some sort of temporary compromise, and, that being so, it would have been wrong to refuse. The invitation to the Conference, it must be remembered, did not come from the English side. It was the well-meant offer of the President of the Orange Free State. To have refused would have been churlish; to have gone there in order to threaten would have been childish. The only sensible course was to go and see how much argument could accomplish, though without any very lively expectation of achieving any immediate good result. Nor can we see that the failure of the Conference necessarily makes things worse. Every sensible man already knew that a settlement of the Transvaal difficulty by negotiation was almost out of the question, while at the same time a settlement by war is not to be thought of. The present situation, therefore, is one of those unpleasant things which have to be borne with in order to avoid worse calamities. Constant disquiet in the Transvaal, bad as it is, is not so bad as war. The Government, though a bad Government, inefficient and corrupt, is not essentially worse than the Government of the city of New York, and there is no imminent danger of hostilities. Investors in South African securities must consider that all values ought to be assessed on the basis of supposing that an inefficient method of government is likely to continue, and that its inefficiency will render casual outbreaks likely from time to time to occur. The situation is a very unfortunate one, but it is not to be removed by any number of speeches. It is one of those things which we may live out of by degrees, but cannot hope to alter in a day.

PENSIONS AND POSSIBILITIES.

THE problem of Old Age Pensions has been exploited for political purposes, sometimes from sheer ignorance and sometimes for baser reasons, so that its difficulties have only been gradually revealed. Every successive Commission seems to make the possibility of a solution more remote; and until the initial difficulty is solved, all discussion of the rest must be rather academic. The tax, or taxes, which will yield either Mr. Booth's twenty millions annually, or even the more modest sum requisite to supplement the provision made for themselves by members of the Friendly Societies, have yet to be discovered; and until that is done, it might seem to be futile to go farther. For merely vote-catching purposes we trust it will be; but, should that initial question ever be solved, thorough discussion of the next steps in the solution may prepare the way for a considerable advance towards their realisation. For the revised programme just put forward by Mr. Charles Booth in a pamphlet ("Old Age Pensions and the Aged Poor." Macmillan & Co.) this much can be said—that it states with force the conditions of the most urgent among a group of profoundly depressing problems which have been the despair of English reformers for more than three hundred and fifty years, and that it meets the objections in principle to his well-known solutions in a very ingenious way. Briefly, Mr. Booth tells us—as he has told us in the exhaustive and profoundly depressing volume on "The Aged Poor" published in 1894—that the proportion of paupers among the total number of the aged (over sixty-five) is something like 30 per cent.; that it increases rapidly as age advances; and that it is likely to receive still further additions both by the increase in longevity and by the speeding-up of industry, which renders it difficult or impossible to employ men of advanced age, and so shortens the average working life. It is just possible (but no more) to save enough to make a small provision for old age; for women it is harder to do so than for men. Moreover, the percentage of old age pauperism necessarily varies very much from district to district—in one case reaching 84 per cent.; and among the working classes and small traders it probably reaches 40 or 45 per cent. Again, no special policy of Poor Law administration seems to have such advantages as to give it a claim to general preference, nor is any policy, even that which has shown its merits, sure to be maintained. Indoor relief is obviously unsatisfactory in many ways; out-relief is eminently variable, disputable in value, and liable to abuse. Mr. Booth, therefore, proposes eventually to get rid of it, and to substitute universal Old Age Pensions—no longer, however, of 5s. per week to all over sixty-five, but of 7s. per week to all over seventy—including both sexes, but beginning, if need be, with the women, because they have fewer opportunities (as a rule) of saving than the men. Compulsory insurance he holds—naturally enough—to be out of the question; assistance to those who have made some provision through a Friendly Society gives aid to those who want it least; and neither scheme will produce any return for forty years to come. The pension would be dependent on fairly satisfactory evidence of age, the fee for ascertaining this being a first charge on the receipts. The payments would be made weekly at a given hour at the nearest money order office; personal attendance would be required, except in case of illness; nor would accumulations

be payable. Mr. Booth hopes that the inconvenience of personal application (necessary to avoid fraud) would get rid of the well-to-do, and so save three out of the nineteen or twenty millions sterling annually that his scheme would demand. And for persons under seventy a reduced pension might be payable on application to the guardians and proof that the applicant or his friends had made some provision to bring the pension up to 7s. per week until he reached full pension age. Half the cost for women, and one-third of that for men—together six and a half millions—might be provided by the State, the rest might be thrown on the rates; but it would be set against a considerable reduction in Poor Law expenditure.

Now would such pensions pauperise? Mr. Booth says, Decidedly not. At present the aged poor have nothing to look forward to; not to survive is their only ideal. With the certainty of a bare maintenance would come provision for something more, either on their own part or that of their friends. Saving, indeed, Mr. Booth ingeniously argues, is not now carried on from fear but from hope. And inasmuch as educational endowments do not pauperise the rich, universal pensions also would have no taint of pauperism. But the force of these arguments seems to us very slight. The rich are not pauperised by educational endowments, partly because scholarships, for example, are open to competition, and success means labour and expenditure, even when the field is limited to those in need of assistance at the University. And the endowments, *e.g.* of Christ Church—the buildings, the subsidy to the kitchen, the Fellowships which act as grants in aid of tutors' salaries—are not felt as a charity, because the cost of a University education is so high in other ways. But scholarships awarded to the needy, without competition, would be felt as a badge of poverty; the sizarships and Bible clerkships of fifty years ago were so awarded, with the natural result. Nor are we hopeful that the pension would serve as a nucleus for saving, or a stimulus to family gifts. It is hard enough to get the average man to save now, or the average agricultural labourer to support his parents; and fear—with all due deference to Mr. Booth's psychology—is a far stronger motive than hope. Still less, we think, can the refusal of the well-to-do to take their pensions be counted upon. There are many women of the better classes who have barely enough for themselves and nothing at all to give away. The unpleasantness of going to draw a weekly dole, and standing in a crowd amid unfavourable comments, would be positively welcomed by some of them as a moral discipline, if the pension were not to be spent on themselves. The charities, especially the High Church charities and the Church schools, would call on them to do something for the good cause —"Draw your pension and give it to us." And quite an appreciable number of self-sacrificing old ladies of the middle classes would do it.

But, after all, these speculations are subordinate to the initial question: Where is the money to come from? The taxable resources of the richest country in the world are singularly inelastic; the dole charities (as the Old Age Pensions Committee have learned this week) provide for less than a sixteenth part of the cost of the scheme. When someone specifies a tax which can be imposed without making life harder for the poor—by falling on their food, for example—a very long step will have been taken towards a solution. We ourselves can see no such tax, unless it be on the unearned increment of town lands. But that is shut out of the Unionist programme. Lord Salisbury has declared that the line between the parties will henceforth be determined by questions of property—he meant, of course, the property of the very rich; the Liberals will attack, the Conservatives will defend. If that is the case, Old Age Pensions had better be left out of the Unionist programme at once.

FINANCE.

ON Monday and Tuesday the hope of a favourable conclusion of the negotiations between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger continued high, and South African gold shares were well supported, prices generally rising. When the facts were known, there was a general fall in prices. In other departments business has been slack. The great activity in trade is, no doubt, diverting both capital and enterprise from the Stock Exchange to commercial business. Apart from that, the unsettled condition of affairs in South Africa and the sharp decline that has taken place in the United States are warning all operators to be careful. In the United States it seems to be now generally believed that this year's wheat crop will show a great falling off compared with those of the preceding three years. Indeed, many good observers estimate that the surplus for export will be less than one-third of what it was last year. Probably the estimate is exaggerated; but, in any case, the expectation that the crop will be worse than any that has been gathered in for many years is having a very bad influence upon the Stock markets. Clearly there will be less grain to be carried over the railroads; and that will not only affect business directly, but, by the falling off in farmers' profits, it will lessen farmers' ability to spend largely. Moreover, the mad speculation in industrial companies has broken down. For some time past bankers have been very careful not to lend upon industrial shares. And immediately after the bringing out of the great copper combination there occurred a great break in the market, from which it has not yet recovered. Over and above all this, the shipments of gold from the United States are surprising operators. The balance of trade was so largely in favour of the United States that until now it has been taken for granted that Europe was largely indebted to the United States. Now gold is being shipped from the United States to Europe, and people are jumping to the other conclusion that, as a matter of fact, America must now be indebted to Europe. Probably this conclusion is wrong. The United States has now to pay four millions sterling to Spain in compensation for the Philippines, and a great number of American companies of all kinds have to pay on July 1st large amounts in interest and dividends, for which, no doubt, they are already making preparation. Furthermore, money is in strong demand upon the Continent, and it is barely possible that American bankers are employing some of their surplus funds in Germany and elsewhere. Whatever the correct explanation may be, there is no doubt that the shipments have made a considerable impression, and are helping to deter all operators from increasing their risks in the American department. In Home securities there is very little movement. And there is equally little in International securities. For the time being, the proceedings at the Peace Conference are attracting no attention in the City. And even the acquisition by Germany of the Caroline Islands has passed without much notice. The disgraceful assault upon President Loubet last Sunday has likewise made little impression. The City public, however, is greatly impressed by the manner in which the Court of Cassation has carried through its inquiry into the Dreyfus case. And the general impression in the City now is coming to be that all danger of revolution is over, and that the disgraceful

proceedings on Sunday last are likely to strengthen the Republic and to utterly discredit the Royalist and Bonapartist parties.

Money is very much easier than seemed likely a little while ago. Partly this is due to the shipments of gold from New York, and partly to the belief that the German Money Market will remain easy for a couple of months longer. At the same time, the French exchange is unfavourable to this country, and it is possible that gold may be withdrawn. The general impression in the City is that the gold which is being shipped from New York will go to Paris. But there will be no withdrawals from the Bank of England. It is further assumed that for the present, at all events, no gold will be sent to Japan in consequence of the new Japanese loan. Nor is it thought likely that gold will go just yet to Russia. Still, the fact remains that both Russia and Japan have it in their power to take gold if they please, and that the French exchange upon London is so unfavourable that there is a possibility that gold may go to Paris likewise. In spite of all, however, the impression in the City is that the Money Market will remain easy for the next two months. What will happen in August and September is an entirely different question, and will depend largely upon the course of affairs in the United States and in Germany. It is expected that the Indian Currency Commission will issue its report, or reports, within the next four or five weeks. But it is not thought probable that even if the Government decide upon a gold currency it will attempt to raise a great gold loan this year. In the meantime the India Council has not done as well in the sale of its drafts as was anticipated. A fortnight ago it suddenly reduced the amount it intended to offer for tender from 40 lacs to 30 lacs. A week ago it raised the amount again to 40 lacs. And on Wednesday it actually offered 40 lacs. The applications amounted to nearly 687 lacs. But the Council sold very little more than 31½ lacs, being dissatisfied with the prices offered. The prices ranged from 1s. 3 1/32d. to 1s. 4d. per rupee. Subsequently a little over 7¾ lacs were sold by special contract at the same prices. In spite of the result of the sales the Council announced that it will offer for tender next Wednesday 50 lacs.

William Whiteley, Ltd., which has a share capital of 100 management shares and £900,000 other shares, half in 4½ per cent. cumulative preference and half in ordinary shares, invite subscriptions for 900,000 4 per cent. first mortgage irredeemable debenture stock at 102. According to a report by Messrs. Turquand, Youngs & Co., the average profits for the past five years were at the rate of £100,032 per annum. The purchase price is fixed by the vendor at £1,818,100.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—To a considerable number of people the list of Birthday Honours published this morning will be the most interesting item in the newspapers. And yet surely for once even Birthday Honours and all the incidents of our domestic politics might take a back seat. The world has reached one of its critical moments to-day, and it is to Paris that the eyes of civilised nations are turned. To-day the greatest iniquity of our time is to be brought out into the light of day. The Court of Cassation is to pronounce that the Dreyfus court-martial of 1894 was a hideous abomination in the eyes of God and man, and that the victim of that crime was innocent. Of course, the Court will not make its views known in these words; but this is what its judgment will mean, and what everybody wishes to know is how France will receive the proclamation. Great honour, honour beyond expression in words, is due to the heroic men who have dared to stand up for truth and justice. Picquart, Zola, Pressensé, Kestner, and many others, have done something by their courage and nobility to redeem the character of France. But we cannot forget how the overwhelming majority of the nation has deliberately sided with wrong against right, and has made itself an active accomplice in the foulest of all modern crimes. It will take France fifty years of good behaviour to wipe out the shameful memory of the Dreyfus case, and to restore her to her place in the civilised world.

Esterhazy's reaffirmation of his old confession comes at a dramatic moment. Everybody who had studied the story knew that he was the writer of the *bordereau*. His acknowledgment of the fact merely makes the judgment of the Court of Cassation inevitable.

The Birthday List is one the full merits of which are only revealed by a quiet study of the names which it contains. Apparently Lord Salisbury has demanded public service in one form or another as a test of a man's fitness for honour. Literature is left out in the cold, for it can hardly be as a literary man that Mr. Stanley is granted the G.C.B. But art and science are both represented, and railway work is again recognised. Upon the whole, however, it is for public service in some public capacity that all these knighthoods are conferred. As usual, the list of baronets is that which gives rise to the most mixed feelings on the part of the reader.

Monday.—Paris still claims our thoughts. The publication of the actual judgment of the Court of Cassation in yesterday's papers was another surprise. The judges have gone beyond what was expected in exonerating Dreyfus. More than this, they have already implicated General Mercier in the hideous illegality of the sham court-martial. And now on the head of this splendid but tardy vindication of justice comes the account of the disturbances yesterday, and the insults to which President Loubet was subjected by a fashionable rabble. It would almost seem as though another "whiff of grape-shot" were needed to clear the air in Paris. For some weeks to come the Republic will clearly be in a position of peril.

News from the Orange Free State is almost as vague as that from The Hague. We cannot, of course, expect that critical negotiations like those between Mr. Kruger and Sir Alfred Milner should be revealed to the world hour by hour. But if we have to possess ourselves in patience we must close our ears to the conflicting rumours that are published this morning. It is known that both the High Commissioner and the Boer President are determined men; it is further known that both have received instructions to make concessions on the part of either difficult. All this leads those who are interested in the pacific solution of the question at issue in the Transvaal to feel intense anxiety as to the result of the Conference now proceeding at Bloemfontein. Whilst nobody seriously contemplates the possibility of another Boer war, there is a real danger of the reawakening of the struggle between ourselves and the Dutch population throughout South Africa.

Tuesday.—The debate last night on the Kitchener grant ended satisfactorily. In spite of the fact that Mr. Morley was careful in his speech to avoid raising questions of high policy and to confine himself to the unfortunate but much-exaggerated incident of the Mahdi's tomb, he took with him into the lobby a mere fraction of the Liberal members. It was the response of the Liberal party to his ill-advised attempt to claim for his views on questions of Imperial policy the support of a majority of its members. After last night's division it will hardly be contested that the party as a whole approves of the sane Imperialism of Lord Rosebery rather than that of Mr. Morley. The melancholy incident of Mr. Wallace's seizure whilst speaking in the debate did not, of course, affect the division, but it cast a decided gloom over the House at the close of the

debate. Lord Kitchener's personal triumph was very marked. The "evident sense of the House" was with him from first to last.

The Eighty Club was at home last night at the Earl of Rosebery's, and a very pleasant evening was spent, though public engagements prevented many who would have been glad to be present from reaching Berkeley Square. To-day Mr. Morley takes the chair at a house dinner of the Club. There is something cheering in the mere statement of these two engagements from the Club which represents militant Liberalism. It is at least a happy portent for the future.

The death of Dr. Wallace—announced since the above lines were written—is a real tragedy. For some time past it had been evident to his friends that the health of this brilliant Scotsman was steadily waning. Fate had been hard upon him, and he had never really recovered from the blow which the death of his wife inflicted upon him. But to the last his intellect was as keen and his humour as caustic as ever, and even when death struck him he was proving to the House of Commons that his mind was still alert and vigorous. His death causes the second vacancy in the representation of Edinburgh which has been made within a week.

Wednesday.—The women had a field day in the House yesterday, and secured a notable triumph. It was, of course, a triumph the extent of which was strictly limited by those who voted against the maintenance of any restrictions of sex in the composition of the new London Councils. But this fact will not prevent the ardent advocates of female suffrage from claiming the vote of yesterday as another step in advance for the cause on behalf of which they are fighting with so much energy and persistency. Mr. Labouchere raised his voice in vain. I do not often find myself in agreement with Mr. Labouchere nowadays, but in yesterday's debate I must admit that I found his sentiments more congenial than those of any other speaker.

Mr. Morley made a little speech at the Eighty Club dinner last night, and again raised the question of militarism. Without wishing to say anything disrespectful to Mr. Morley, I must point out that his use of vague phrases does not assist us in coming to a conclusion. He might just as well have denounced Jingoism as militarism. Everybody proclaims his hatred of Jingoism, and everybody would be equally ready to proclaim his hatred of militarism. Militarism is, in fact, a vague term denoting an extreme condition that is hateful to all moderate and sensible men. What most of us want to know is what Mr. Morley's anti-militarism really means. It may mean the same thing as the anti-militarism of Lord Rosebery, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Henry Fowler, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. On the other hand, it may be identical with the anti-militarism of Sir Wilfrid Lawson or Mr. Labouchere. Until we know the truth it is really useless to go on indulging in sonorous phrases which may either mean a great deal or practically nothing at all.

The Liberals are, I find, very hopeful as to their winning both the vacant Edinburgh seats.

Thursday.—Mr. Balfour's speech last night was neither very brilliant nor very clever. It was a dull oration of a purely partisan character. Most of us are aware that Mr. Balfour has been thrown into a state of funk—no other word hits the mark so well—by the growing conviction that the Liberal party and Lord Rosebery are again marching in unison. He sees in this a deadly menace to the continual predominance of the coalition now in power, and accordingly he does his best to poison the minds of Liberals against the man of whose leadership he is so desperately afraid. This was the meaning of his rather poor performance last night. But he might at least have stuck to facts in his attack upon Lord Rosebery. There is not a word of truth in his statement that Lord Rosebery formally repudiated Home Rule in his speech at the City Liberal Club. We did not hear this alleged even in the speech at the Devonshire Club.

The proceedings at the House of Commons during the afternoon might have made Mr. Balfour rather more apologetic with regard to his own performances. It is part of his bad leadership of the House to leave it absolutely without Ministerial guidance on Wednesday afternoons. The consequence was yesterday a victory for a brilliant bit of strategy on the part of Mr. McKenna, who not only worked his will upon Sir Blundell Maple's Franchise Bill, but got it out of the way in time to allow Mr. Robson's Half-Timers Bill to pass through Committee. The House of Commons is a very dangerous animal to treat with neglect. Yesterday Ministers were simply nowhere, and the House did what it liked with the business before it. It was only by a piece of luck that the Government escaped a catastrophe. As it was, Mr. Robson's admirable Bill was saved by the tactics of the Opposition.

The news from South Africa is very grave; but it is to be hoped that it is not so grave as Mr. Chamberlain and his friends wish to make it appear. The worst of the situation is that those who really want a war with the Transvaal will have their hands strengthened by the failure of the Conference.

This has been a week of international Congresses. The latest Congress is that of the Publishers. At the meeting yesterday, when all the leading publishing houses in the world were represented, Mr. Murray, the President of the Congress, made an admirable speech, which might be read with profit even by the members of the Authors' Society. He treated with dignified contempt the slanders which a certain class of authors have seen fit to bring against the whole publishing world, and drew attention to the grave dangers which threaten our literature from the invasion of the world of letters by a class of journalists and writers who have no conception of literary form or the literary spirit, and who threatened to reduce the world's literature to a shapeless and worthless mass of small paragraphs and inane snippets.

Friday.—The Stock Exchange resounded yesterday with a definite statement to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain had resigned. It was not, of course, confirmed—resignation is not one of Mr. Chamberlain's virtues—but the fact that it spread so rapidly, and was so generally accepted, points to the nature of the situation. The belief is universal that there are, as I have often stated, two parties in the Cabinet, the one headed by the Colonial Secretary, and the other containing Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Rightly or wrongly, many persons believe that Mr. Chamberlain actually *wishes* for war with the Boers, and the fear is entertained that he may now be able to realise his wish. The consequence of this state of feeling was that when the rumour of the Colonial Secretary's resignation reached the Stock Exchange yesterday it did not cause even a fractional fall in prices. This is significant of the estimate in which Mr. Chamberlain is held in the City. But as he has not resigned, and as the Transvaal Question is still unsettled, his power for mischief continues to exist, and this fact it is that makes the danger of the situation.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE two last weeks have furnished gala days to English men of science. Last week Cambridge celebrated the jubilee of one of the most distinguished of all her sons—Sir George Gabriel Stokes—he having held the chair of the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics for fifty years. Not only did British scientific men come in numbers to honour the master, but almost every country in which science is cultivated sent representatives to show their appreciation of the important work which the great

physicist and mathematician had accomplished. This week a no less remarkable gathering of the scientific clans from all the world over is assembled in London to show respect and affection for an Institution of a character truly English although founded by a man born in Massachusetts, and bearing the Bavarian title of Count von Rumford. The objects which this remarkable man had in view in establishing an Institution in London were, first, the diffusion of the knowledge of new improvements, and secondly, teaching the applications of science to the useful purposes of life. And these original objects have been kept in view ever since. It is true that the actual proposals concerning the preparation of cheap and wholesome food for the people, which Rumford began to carry out in the Institution, have given place to work of a higher and perhaps more important character as affecting the well-being of the nation. For soon the Institution—wholly dependent for its existence upon the liberality of private patrons — commenced the course, which it has followed for a century, and still upholds, of aiding and developing scientific research for its own sake—a course which has resulted in the acquirement of a knowledge of Nature's laws which, it is not too much to say, has done much to revolutionise the world. The work of one of the earliest professors at the Royal Institution, Thomas Young, was the chief subject of Lord Rayleigh's memorial lecture at Albemarle Street on Tuesday last. The distinguished present occupant of Young's chair said that from his recapitulation of the labours of his predecessor it might be imagined that Young knew everything, but to prove that he was merely human it was to be noted that he declared there was no immediate connection between magnetism and electricity. To show that this idea is false, and to prove that these two forms of energy are intimately connected and mutually convertible, was the work of another Royal Institution professor, a greater man even than Thomas Young—namely, Michael Faraday. Upon this epoch-making discovery depends all we now know of the gigantic applications of magneto-electricity to the wants of modern life. And yet Faraday's first experiment was so simple, and at first sight so far removed from Rumford's ideas of practical application, that a lady—for the ladies then, as now, worshipped at the shrine of science—asked Faraday what was the use of such an experiment. To this came the apropos question of the great man, "What is the use of a baby?" and the equally cogent reply, "Make it of use."

To discuss even a part of the work done within the narrow walls of the Albemarle Street Institution would, as Lord Rayleigh remarks, require many courses of lectures. In these columns we must be content to indicate in the most general terms that the great work of Young, of Davy, and of Faraday in searching for and in deciphering the truths of Nature is still being carried on with vigour and success. To us the names of Tyndall, of Rayleigh, and of Dewar are household words. They have worthily upheld the high prestige of the Institution, not only in advancing our knowledge of Nature, but in making that advance known and appreciated, both by means of their spoken and their written words. The numerous and distinguished foreign men of science, in honouring the centenary by their presence, have thereby borne witness to the value of this unique and truly English Institution. For a century, scientific discoveries of the highest value to mankind have emanated year by year from within its walls. And yet, unlike nearly all the foreign seats of learning and homes of research, the Institution has asked no further favour from Government or from the Crown than an acknowledgment, which has always been freely given—and on no occasion more gracefully accorded than on this by the heir to the throne—that the work it has done and is doing is of national import, and is worthy of aid and encouragement from all. To what causes can the remarkable success which for a century the Institution has achieved be ascribed? In the first place to its admirable constitution by which, whilst its financial and business affairs have been managed by experienced men of the world, the direction and scope of its work have been indicated by equally experienced men of science. In the second to the fortunate appointments which the managers have made—for, after all, the professors are the men who have made and are upholding the fame of the Institution. We say fortunate, because who could foretell that the poor boy taken in as a bottle-washer would turn out the greatest experimental philosopher of the age? and yet it has been truly said that Faraday was Davy's greatest discovery. But something more is needed than the appointment of devoted and talented men. They must be left free to work out their own salvation. And here again the managers have taken the right course of non-interference. Each professor has carried out his own ideas, and followed out such lines of research as he thinks best. The result has been that the work done by each has had a personal character. With the name of Young we associate the discovery of the interference of light; with Davy that of the metals of the alkalis; with Faraday (to select one out of so many) that of magneto-electricity; with Rayleigh that of argon; and, lastly, with Dewar that of liquid hydrogen.

To each of these hangs a long tale. A tale of hard, unremitting, and often of unrequited labour, but always a labour of love. For whether the wished and longed-for result is reached or not, the feeling of content and satisfaction in the work done is always payment, and sufficient payment, to the conscientious investigator.

To support men in this work, to bring their bravely won results before the public, has been the aim and object of this unique Institution for one hundred years. That its second centenary may show an equally honourable record is a prayer which all interested in the progress of science and of humanity may well utter.

H. E. R.

THE ALLEGED DECLINE OF MARRIAGE.

ARE women ceasing to marry? It is affirmed by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon in *The Humanitarian* that they are, and she gives a stern reason for this belief: Man has been found out. In the middle Victorian period woman adored him. She was expected to take him on trust, to worship his imperfections, to regard marriage with him as the only ideal. She knows better now. Her attitude towards him is purely critical. In the intervening years woman has developed her sense of humour, and what little humour man ever had has stood still. She continues to give him tea and find a kind of sport in his society, for, after all, he makes an agreeable butt. Women do not practise this newly developed sense of humour upon one another. That would be an outrage akin to cannibalism. Besides, they cannot feel how humorous they really are unless man is in the offing. There he comes; he casts anchor; he expects, as of old, that women will flutter round him and admire him, as the jolly-boats flutter round and admire the big craft in the harbour. But there is no more flutter. Woman no longer lifts adoring eyes, waiting for her lord to indicate his pleasure that she shall be his wedded wife. Her eyes dance with satirical mirth, and if man were not deluded by his colossal conceit, he would know that his entire relation towards this charming creature has changed, and that she is a wholly independent person, conscious that she is his superior in wit and in all that pertains to a philosophical happiness.

Yes, these be evil times for the "average suitors" of woman. She perceives "in these young gentlemen certain of the least endearing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race; those qualities, it may be whispered, which, though eminently suitable for the

making of empire, are not always entirely appreciated on the domestic hearth." It is the "average suitors" who, being still in the middle Victorian atmosphere, do not, like the average prisoner in the dock, feel their position keenly. Here and there a man, as Miss Dixon handsomely admits, is sufficiently modernised to reject Katherine's summary of the whole duty of wives:

> And place your hands below your husband's foot.

Such an enlightened man goes about deploring the obstinacy with which the "average suitors" expect every woman to submit to Shakespeare's peremptory definition of wifely obedience. But here an impulse of scepticism seizes us, and we cannot help asking Miss Dixon in all humility whether she really thinks that the qualities of the race which make empire demand such abject subjection in woman as that of Katherine. Does the man who adds a peninsula to the dominions of the Queen play the arrogant satrap on his domestic hearth? Has a conqueror never been known to place his hands submissively beneath his wife's foot? Moreover, we venture to suggest to Miss Dixon that she has misunderstood Shakespeare's purpose. Katherine was a shrew, Kate the curst; and when her shrewishness was subdued, she swung, as such a nature would swing, to the opposite extreme. Shakespeare may have thought that this was the only cure for shrews, just as total abstinence is commonly the only cure for the habitual tippler, moderate drinking being impossible to his immoderate temperament. Beatrice, on the other hand, cannot be charged with any disposition to grovel in the dust before Benedick. She loves him, as she is careful to point out, no more than reason, and he, as a kindred spirit, is perfectly happy in the compact. This is the union of two humorists—that rare contingency in which there can be no question of supremacy or servitude. Now Katherine is not only a shrew; she is a humourless shrew, or she would have seen quite early in the game that Petruchio was not a despot, but, as the children say, only pretending. Perhaps it is this absence of humour which most offends Miss Dixon, though, had Katherine been a humorist, it is plain that she could not have been a shrew.

It is not so long ago that we were confronted with the question, "Why are men ceasing to marry?" It was gravely affirmed that a growing reluctance to assume the responsibilities of marriage was multiplying bachelors at an alarming pace. Now we have Miss Dixon's assurance that confirmed spinsterhood is the attitude of the modern woman. What says the Registrar-General? Has he noticed any decline in the marriage-rate? Judging from statistics, the "average suitors," with their empire-making qualities, are still persuading maidens to marry them. The clergy do not complain of any falling off in fees, and we are inclined to regard the silence of distressed incumbents on this point as very significant. Miss Dixon is not above statistics. She notes with candour that "widows, like widowers, usually show an extraordinary eagerness to resume the fetters of the wedded state." It is statistically proved that, whereas "a man of forty remains a widower for two years only," a widow under thirty-five "marries again within twenty months." How is she able to satisfy her sense of humour so soon? Oddly enough, on this crucial point Miss Dixon offers no comment. "Indiscriminate marrying," she says, "has, to a certain extent, gone out. In short, *le premier venu* is no longer the successful wooer that he once was." And yet widows seem to marry as indiscriminately as ever, and without the excuse of ignorance. Widows, as universal experience attests, are of a merry disposition. They, at any rate, cannot be accused of lacking humour. Their strategy is the theme of some of the most impressive warnings in literature. The captive of a widow's bow and spear is commonly supposed by his friends to be a helpless slave. Here, then, we have a branch of the subject in which Miss Dixon's chief propositions do not coincide with the facts. Widows have humour and the critical habit of mind, and yet they marry, on the average, "within twenty months." (Hamlet's mother managed it in two; but she, it must be admitted, had neither mirth nor judgment.) And the men who marry widows are set down by the bystanders as dumb, driven cattle with not a spark of empire-making masterfulness left!

The truth is, that this talk of men or women ceasing to marry is, as Miss Dixon's excellent sense evidently reminds her, in great part humorous exaggeration. For a variety of reasons, some of them economic, marriage is not for every man and woman; but that it remains the aspiration, though it is not always the lot, of the average woman there is no reason to doubt. The institution of marriage does not escape criticism. Its successes are not always conspicuous, and the penalties of failure are writ large; but except for a minority of independent temperaments—a minority that causes no perceptible variation from established practice—it remains firmly rooted in our social habits. Miss Dixon is quite alive to this. She hopes to see the "standard of human felicity steadily raised" by the "feminine prerogative of deliberate choice" in matrimony. The "average suitors" are to learn in time the difference between a mere empire-maker and a desirable husband. They may swagger on the African veldt, but not by the domestic fireside. Unhappily, statistics do not give us the proportion of swaggering husbands in the community; but we have a suspicion that the docile husbands, if they could be escorted by their wives and overseers to Hyde Park, would make a very long and amiable procession, waving the standard of human felicity with automatic regularity.

LOCHLEVEN.

HAVING written, a fortnight ago, about "A Highland Lake," perhaps we should have put "A Lowland Lake" as the heading of this reflection. Lochleven, however, although quite Lowland, is too distinctive to be treated as being in the commonalty of waters. It is known, by name and fame, all the world over. Every sportsman in Scotland feels it a duty to fish on it at least once a year; men resident in all quarters of the world visit it when they can; particularly from the North of England do clergymen and others go to Lochleven, to make glorious baskets for record in *The Scotsman* and in *The Field*. We must not, therefore, on this occasion put a generalising title to our essay. We must state specifically what we are talking about. Happily, we can do so in the panoply of much authority. The boatmen were Old Curlie and his son. The present writer has fished on Lochleven two or three times a season for about ten years. He has never once come off the water with what he could consider a basket good enough to equal the reputation of the loch; and, being not the worst fisherman in the world, he could never, until the other day, understand why. The other day, however, out popped the reason. To Old Curlie THE SPEAKER deferentially remarked, when the day was at high noon, that Lochleven seemed never to play up to its reputation. "No, laddie: it never does," said Old Curlie, with much kindness. "I've been on this loch for sixty years, and I've seen only one guid fishin' day." That was at once reassuring and disconcerting. If Old Curlie, in sixty years' experience of the loch, had known only one good fishing day, perhaps, after all, we might be not such a bad fisherman as we had invariably considered, as we sped southward, in the railway train, disconsolate, from Kinross. Old Curlie having seen only one good fishing day in sixty years, how could THE SPEAKER expect to have a good basket on any of his casual

visits? That was the reassuring idea; but what were we to make of the disconcerting one? Legend had it that Mr. Russel of *The Scotsman* used to make a basket of about 25 lbs. almost every time he fished on the loch. How did he manage that? "Oh," said Old Curlie, "Maister Russel was what ye micht ca' a lucky fisher. Ay he fished wi' sea-troot flees. He couldna' believe it possible that a big troot wud tak a sma' flee. And somehoo, in thae days, when there was a bit storm on the waater, the fush didna' care a damn hoo big the flees was."

That was in accord with natural history, and all right. The trout of Lochleven, which are different in colour from all the other fresh-water trout in the world, are believed to be the descendants of sea-trout which were landlocked by a seismic eruption separating them from the Firth of Forth. It was not surprising, then, to hear that once they had taken kindly to sea-trout flies. This did not, however, wholly explain our constant failure in the attempt to make the best basket of the season. What were we to make of the Rev. —— ——, from the north of England? Day after day, we saw from *The Scotsman*, that holy man came back, at the end of this so-called nineteenth century, even during the week of our visit to Lochleven, with a very fine basket indeed. He had never less than seventeen pounds. Where did he find the fish, and how did he catch them? "Oh, the auld deevil!" said Old Curlie. "Ye needna' fash aboot him, laddie. He disna' fish ava'. He gangs oot wi' three trollin' rods and meenows, and rakes the loch. It's no' fishin': ony auld wife could dae't, wi' me and Dauvit to pu' the boat aboot. There's nae skill in yon man's fame as a fisher o' troot. Cannie, laddie! There's a rise to the left o' ye. Ah! ye have 'im,—an' he's a whustler this time. Back waater, Dauvit." The fish put an end to rumination for ten minutes; but when he was safely in the boat the old question recurred. Why was it that the Judge and THE SPEAKER, who had been catching trout in abundance on many lakes in the Highlands, could never make a great basket on Lochleven, reputed to be the best water in the world? "It's a' on account o' the auld wives wi' meenows," said Old Curlie,—"lazy deevils! Hoo can ye expec' troot to rise at the flee, whan ye alloo the Church o' England to gang jaggin' their jaws wi' meenow tackle frae Januar to August? Gi'e His Honour a dram, Dauvit. The win' has shifted to the north. We've got a' we'll get here. We'd better awa' to the Scart."

The Scart, a sunken island fringed by pleasant sandy shallows, did but little better. "I've seen mony a fine troot killed here by Maister Russel and Maister Patrick Alexander—him that ye used to fish wi', laddie, frae St. Andrews College;—but they're no' on the rise to-day—an' I dinna' wunner. See! There's a troot on in that boat that has jist come roond the island. Three trollin' rods, as I'm a leevin' sinner! Dagont, laddie, it's the Church o' England again. I canna' believe in a theology that fishes wi' the meenow. I think I maun become a Leeberal in my auld age, and be a Disestablisher, for the sake o' sport and the richts o' property. It's the very deevil to see an auld loch like this gaun to rack and ruin for the pleesure o' they lazy rascals frae the cathedrals in the north o' England. But they're no' the worst, laddie. There's only twa or three o' them. The worst are the clubs o' Scotland itsel', wi' their competeetions. Man, they dinna' fish for sport. They dinna' fish wi' flees if they can help it. They canna' catch troot nooadays wi' flees. I believe they'd fish wi' roe or maggots if their pairtners wud alloo them; but their pairtners winna', havin' themsels neither roe nor maggots, as a rule. Thairfore, they fish wi' meenow, an' get their names in *The Scotsman*—awfu' work! Competeetion is the life o' trade; but it's no' the life o' sport"—as Maister Alexander said. A bonnie fisher was Maister Alexander—vera neemble wi' the flees. Laddie, d'ye mind that four-pound-and-three-quarter troot he got on a sma' blae-wing and black hackle, jist aff the pier, that day you and me focht oor way hame in a gale wi' a broken oar? Ye'll never see the like o' that again, wi' flee." "No, laddie," said His Honour: "I'm afraid you won't. You've taken me to the Hampstead Heath of Scotland."

THE COOK AS ARTIST.

"WITH this sauce you could eat an elephant, or even your grandfather." Thus the "Almanach des Gourmands." Delightful book! Almost as savoury as the meats whereof it treats. How heroic its methods! How absolute its artistic devotion! How cheerful its sacrifice (of others) to the gratification of the palate! It has no scruple at the martyrdom of the Strasbourg goose; nay, it stoutly maintains that the unfortunate bird is animated by altruistic sentiments; that it looks forward with pride to the apotheosis of its essential parts as *paté de foie gras*. Nay, the very cook, lest his delicate taste be spoiled, must be submitted to the action of powerful drugs, and that willy-nilly (*telle résistance qu'il y oppose*). Of the robin redbreast, that bird of fairy lore, the Almanach remarks, with superb complacency, "Cet aimable oiseau se mange à la broche et en salmi." Not that the author is dead to the tender and poetic associations that linger round poor robin; he weeps, but tears turn him not from his purpose. Even with a dropping eye, he continues to cook, consoling himself with the profound reflection, "If one had compassion on everybody, there would be nothing to eat at all," the possibility of a vegetarian diet evidently not occurring to his mind. The Almanach appeared in 1804, when French cookery was beginning the international pre-eminence it has never quite lost. The causes of its rise and fall are well summed up in the late Mr. Hayward's "Art of Dining," of which a new edition (London: John Murray) has been admirably edited by Mr. Charles Sayle. Restaurants, it would seem, were imitative from the old English coffee-house, and you are surprised to find an institution which seems peculiarly French had its origin among ourselves. How the nobles feasted in their old *châteaux* we cannot tell; but when the Revolution routed them out, their *chefs* were thrown on the world and, so to speak, entered the public service. The Revolution promoted dining in public; it was in accordance with the general fraternisation, which was the motto of the new order. The pre-eminence of Napoleon made France first in Europe, and Paris then, even more than now, was France. But *La Ville Lumière* was for nearly twenty years an unknown city to the most of Europe. When the allied sovereigns and their hosts entered it in 1814, and again in the year following, they found it the choice abode of hitherto untasted joys, of which those of the palate were not the least. Having once been there, they still would go; they crowded annually in ever-increasing numbers, and the fame of *la cuisine Française* became known over all the world. It seemed greatest under the restored Bourbon kings, but, from whatever cause, decline set in, so that in 1852 the exquisite Count d'Orsay mournfully remarks "We do not absolutely die of hunger here, and that is all that can be said." Those who know their Paris since Hayward's day opine that things have gone from bad to worse, at least for strangers. Within the last few years many famous restaurants, like Bignon's, have disappeared, and the few that remain have, one fancies, much diminished receipts. Since the fall of the empire the French nobility have lived more and more in the provinces. This is one imitation of English habits; another has resulted in the enormous growth of clubs, which, although they no doubt provide their members with excellent fare, have fatally injured the restaurants; perhaps these depended too much on the wealthy American or

English visitor, and the prices had gone beyond the limit of an essentially frugal whilst pleasure-loving people. The respectable but by no means golden mediocrity of the Duval now pervades Paris, and there seems no hope of better things.

And yet the great artists in cookery have, with scarce an exception, been Frenchmen, though their names be legion. At the head must come Vatel, *maître d'hôtel* to the great Condé, who, when Louis XIV. visited his master, committed suicide because the fish did not arrive in time—but Madame de Sévigné has told the whole world the story; to him is the "Almanach des Gourmands" appropriately dedicated in choicest bombast. There are others almost as famous; Carême, descended from Jean de Carême, who was *chef* to Leo X., and was so named for the dishes whereby he made Lent not only endurable but delightful to the Supreme Pontiff. He studied the great masters of his art in every department, and the crowned heads of Europe competed for his services. A salary of £1,000 brought him for a few months to Carlton House in the Prince Regent's days, but he would neither remain nor return. "Mon âme," says he, "toute française ne peut vivre qu'en France." He finally condescended to serve the French house of Rothschild, where Lady Morgan paints a dinner of his composition in glowing colours. Afterwards Carême joined the party; his talk was well-nigh as exquisite as his meats. With him in devotion to his art was Felix, some time *chef* to the great Duke of Wellington. Felix had been with Lord Seaford, whose circumstances prevented him continuing the employment of so eminent a master. At Apsley House Felix came prepared to conquer. His new master had by an accident beaten the great Napoleon in battle, but the *chef* was ready to win a victory every day over the victor. Alas! the Duke knew not when his English cooks were beaten; he swallowed the most delicious *plat* as it had been a mutton chop. Then a dark design entered Felix's soul; he left the house on some pretext, and the dinner was prepared by the cook-maid—and the Duke knew no difference! Felix found the case hopeless; he fled Apsley House for ever, and besought Lord Seaford to take him back at any or no wages. Soon after his return a connoisseur, dining with Lord Seaford, divined Felix in the first course—the artist was appreciated! Not less memorable was the great Ude, once *chef* to the Duke of York. On the death of that nobleman in 1827 Ude remarked, with sublime bathos, "*Ah, mon pauvre Duc*, how much you shall miss me where you are gone!"

Hayward agrees with those who hold that French cookery has migrated to England. Had he lived till to-day he had still held so, only more strongly; indeed, the restaurant system has enormously developed in London in the last ten or twenty years. The raw material is better than in France; we can and do pay higher prices to the artist, and yet there are those who hold that something is still wanting. You cannot import or transplant a system belonging to one country to another, and yet maintain the same level of excellence. There is, of course, an English system of cookery; the dishes are few and plain, but in their own way of the highest excellence. Confine yourself to these, and you are better served in London than anywhere else in the world, but the great majority go in for foreign methods. Now you may import the artist, but you do not import his patrons. In unfamiliar surroundings, without discriminating praise or blame, he loses his delicacy of touch. It is no English habit to go into ecstasies over a dish or to say anything about it at all. Even the friendly relation between guest and host, so marked a feature of the French hotel or restaurant, is not ours. It was once the custom, so Brillat Savarin in his delightful "Physiologie du Goût" assures us, to put a piece of gold into a dish which had excited commendation. These magnificent days are over, but still, if you do not continually stimulate the *chef*, how expect him to excel?

THE DRAMA.

"The Heather Field."

SOME months ago Mr. Edward Martyn's play of *The Heather Field* was published as a book, and I found it irritating reading, partly (I suppose) from what seemed to me its intrinsic defects, still more from the aggressive and indiscreet preface with which it was saddled by Mr. George Moore. My irritation, it appeared, was shared by a good many other readers of the book. A few weeks ago the play was put on the Dublin stage by the Irish Literary Theatre, and there were not wanting people among the audience—Irish patriots and even Saxon critics—to declare that the test of the foot-lights had triumphantly refuted the strictures passed upon the book, and that here was a strong, moving, and live drama. The patriots and the Neo-Celtic party generally I leave alone; nothing shall induce me to tread on the tail of their coat; though I will just offer the opinion in passing that this racial and local *camaraderie* in literature—of which the Scotch have set a notorious example—in the long run does the cause of literature very questionable service. As to the Londoners who went over to Dublin, one can understand their anxiety to make out that they were not fools for their pains.

And now that we have had *The Heather Field* produced in London, there are two obvious courses open to me. The first course is to stick to my guns, and to maintain that the play as acted confirms everything I said of it when merely printed. And this would be soothing because, over and above its air of consistency, it would tend to show that I was *not* a fool for funking St. George's Channel. The alternative course would be to execute a right-about-face, and to declare that the performance of the play had opened my eyes to my want of intelligence as a reader of it. There would be a fine parade of magnanimity in that; to offer oneself as a willing victim in the struggle of truth with *amour-propre* is a pleasant thing, being in reality only an adroit way of finding for one's *amour-propre* a new gratification.

Unfortunately I have forgotten what my objections to the book of *The Heather Field* precisely were—and have no means at hand of refreshing my memory—so that I am unable to repeat or to retract them. I can only speak of the play as I found it on the stage of Terry's Theatre last Tuesday afternoon. This is making a virtue of necessity? Yes; but it is the proper thing to do, anyway. For critics should come without prejudice to the theatre just as juries are expected to dismiss from their mind anything they may have read about the case before coming into court.

"The first play written in English inspired by the examples of Ibsen," says Mr. George Moore. Quite so. Mr. Martyn seems to have said to himself, "Go to. I will write an Ibsen play. There shall be no conventional situations, and the play shall be all talk, and the talk shall be bald, everyday talk, and there shall be symbolism—and, yes, by Jove! there shall be ideas, and poetry, and all that sort of thing, don't you know." And after seeing the result I feel inclined to say to "the Master" himself: "Look here, this is too bad! You go and write plays which lure the unwary into thinking it's as easy as A B C, when you know very well it isn't. Why do you 'inspire' people to imitate your manner without 'inspiring' them to borrow your brains? You've played poor Mr. Edward Martyn a pretty trick! You've persuaded him he can write one of your plays with his own brains. For shame!"

And while I am about it, let me apostrophise another Northern dramatist, Strindberg the Swede: "You wrote a play called *The Father*, in which a hard matter-of-fact wife assumes her husband, whom she doesn't understand, to be mad, and actually makes him so. You brought in the question of the child, and the hesitating doctor-arbiter.

Now Mr. Edward Martyn, very likely without the slightest knowledge of you or your play, has done the very same thing—differently. Why couldn't you have lent him some of *your* brains?" It seems ungracious to go on complaining that Mr. Martyn hasn't somebody else's brains; but really there is no help for it. Because the sort of play he has attempted to write is nothing if not "brainy." If it deals with "ideas," and the ideas are half-baked, if it presents "symbols," and the symbols are cheap, then it exhibits all the faults of the *genre* without the merits. It becomes at once feeble and pretentious.

What are Mr. Martyn's ideas? They are to be found in the characters of Carden Tyrrell and his wife, and in the conflict between them. The husband represents the world of poetic dreams and aspirations after beauty, the realm of the imagination, the ideal, the *au delà*, as Professor Bellac would say. The wife stands for worldliness, hard, narrow commonsense, the practical reason. They are mutually destructive. The one brings out all that is bad and spoils all that is good in the other. The wife becomes a malicious vixen; the husband goes out of his mind. These ideas underlie a superficial drama which (I again quote Mr. Moore) is that of "a man who lives in a state of chronic misunderstanding with his wife, and squanders his fortune in experiments for the reclamation of waste land." There is superficial drama, of course, in Ibsen—a play must have a tangible, material action, or it could not be played—but Ibsen's surface-drama is always important and interesting in itself, quite apart from its spiritual content. Mr. Martyn's surface-drama, the bickerings of husband and wife, has unfortunate farcical associations (the audience on Tuesday was frequently led by these associations to titter inopportunely), and there is just a touch of the grotesquely prosaic in drain-pipes, Government loans, Dublin Boards of Works, and foreclosed mortgages. But there is also a touch of the grotesquely prosaic in the "town baths" of *An Enemy of Society* and in the "architectooraloral" details of *The Master Builder*? To be sure there is; and it takes a dramatist of genius to make us accept them. Ibsen is able to overcome our tendency to smile, whereas Mr. Martyn. . . .

I admit, however, that the surface is of minor account; it is the ideas, after all, which matter, and Mr. Martyn's ideas are, as I say, half-baked. The idealist husband has very vague ideals, and a trick of maundering about Celtic fairyland in what is uncommonly like Saxon (not to say Cockney) prose. We hear of "nature's ethereal phonograph," of "choristers singing of youth in an eternal sunrise," in Tyrrell's sublimer moods. Tyrrell is a poet in temperament, we are given to understand; but poetry must mean something, there must be some stuff in it, "something to break the mind upon"; Tyrrell's strikes me as mere tra-la-la and tinkle-tinkle-tum. And when he comes down to earth, he comes down with a flop. As thus: "With the far-reaching usefulness of my projects I must become a real benefactor to the country, and in a time, too, when so many quack remedies in the way of legislation are being offered to the public." This sounds like the opening of one of those seductive newspaper columns which end with an advertisement of somebody's cocoa. Then, too, Mr. Martyn might surely have given his "commonsense" idea a better show. Mrs. Tyrrell has no qualms, no soul-struggle, she is merely a stupid, bad-tempered woman; surely the case would have been better made out had she been given redeeming qualities, some beginning of desire to help her husband—and in the breakdown of her effort we might have had a real tragedy, the tragedy of good intentions baffled by fatal difference of temperament. Compare Mr. Martyn's evil woman, all of a piece, the same from first to last, a mere paper abstraction, with the reality of an evil woman as drawn by "the Master"—Rebecca in *Rosmersholm*. "You think I was cool and calculating and self-possessed all the time! I was not then the same woman as I am now. And then there are two sorts of will in us, I believe. I wanted Beata away; but all the same, I never believed it would come to pass. And yet I could not stop. I had to venture the least little bit further. That is the way such things come about." I should have preferred a hint of these two sorts of will in Mrs. Tyrrell.

All this notwithstanding, there are good moments in the play. When the child runs in with the bunch of heather (which shows that the "heather field" has broken wild again—Mr. Martyn is symbolical to the last gasp) and sends his father's tottering reason over into the gulf, you have a really dramatic moment. There is a good specimen of unconscious irony, too, in the talk between Mrs. Tyrrell and Lady Shrule at the opening of the second act—here Mr. Martyn has caught the true Ibsen inspiration for once—and the comedy of the two doctors, the cocksure-pompous and the hesitating-obsequious, though more commonplace, is by no means a bad thing in its way. And, speaking generally, one is bound in fairness to say that the piece acts better than it reads—which means that Mr. Martyn has the playwright's instinct, and that if he will set himself to write not an "Ibsen play" but a "Martyn play," he may give us something of value. *The Heather Field* was admirably acted on Tuesday, notably by Mr. Thomas Kingston (Tyrrell), Miss May Whitty (Mrs. Tyrrell) and Mr. Ben Webster (the *raisonneur* of the piece—for Mr. Martyn knows his Dumas *fils* as well as his Ibsen, you see). Master Charles Sefton as Tyrrell's child Kit was wonderfully good—spontaneous, sincere, and (a rare thing in child-actors) from top to toe a little gentleman.

A. B. W.

BRITISH RULE IN WEST AFRICA.

MISS KINGSLEY'S recent attack on the Crown Colony system of government in West Africa, coming with the weight of her authority behind it, might lead the average reader hastily to infer that we must either withdraw from those regions altogether, hold them as expensive luxuries, or adopt the new "commercial government" that authoress has invented. No one of these alternatives is, however, likely to find favour either with the general public or the majority of disinterested students of Western Africa. The latter would no doubt unanimously endorse all that Miss Kingsley has said about the maladministration of the Government. Personally, I was greatly astonished to find the Gold Coast in 1895 without a single road, and the whole of British West Africa with but two partially constructed railways. But it is by no means proved that the only hope is to be found in a new system of government. A large measure of our failure must, indeed, be attributed to the manner in which the Colonial Office has carried out the Crown Colony system; but, on the other hand, the lack of enterprise and business adaptability of the traders is quite sufficient to account for much that is disheartening. For example, the Gold Coast annually exports a large quantity of valuable timber; yet, so far as I am aware, there is not a single saw-mill in the colony, all the wood used being imported. Again, the foundations of the chief buildings are, for the most part, built of English-made bricks, imported at an enormous cost—sometimes reaching 1s. per brick — and this although quantities of fine building stone and suitable clay for brick-making can be easily obtained. The traders rely on the good prices of coast products to repay the investment of their capital; but these things have decreased in value, and the quantity available for shipment has been adversely affected by the action of France and Germany.

Miss Kingsley has fairly enough pointed out that

the West African Governor is commonly a man with no special knowledge of the coast. Sir William Maxwell is a case in point. He came to the Gold Coast from the Straits Settlements, but, being a man of exceptional capacity, he set himself to learn all he could as to the requirements of his new colony. Indeed, I am in a position to state positively that nearly all the many reforms he inaugurated were the result of expert advice. Thus the Land Ordinance was only framed after exhaustive inquiries, one of the chief arguments for its adoption being the support given to it by at least one native chief, a support which effectually overcame the late Mr. Alvan Millson's strenuous opposition. Had Sir William Maxwell been possessed of the knowledge Mr. Millson was, it is extremely unlikely the Land Ordinance would ever have been passed. I have gone so deeply into this episode because I think it supplies a key to the apparent failure of the Crown Colony system. Again, Miss Kingsley refers to the disinclination of the trader* "to tell the rest of the world exactly where he has been"; but she fails to connect it with the bad government. Yet it is surely not too much to say that the opposition raised a few years back to the proposed railway from Axim to the heart of the gold-bearing district was the result of this same secretive habit. At any rate, from whatever motive the opposition sprang, it was sufficiently powerful to delay until last year the commencement of the railroad.

To those two causes, then, may we not attribute the British failure to administer West Africa? Further, may we not accept them as sufficient, and add a fourth alternative to those of evacuation, subsidy, or "commercial government" with which we started out—namely, the alternative of internal reform? So far we have been attempting to govern by amateurs. What we want to ensure is government by experts. If we were to adopt Miss Kingsley's scheme, we should be but supplanting one set of amateurs by another. We might obtain a council of expert merchants, such as she suggests, with the requisite knowledge of native habits, laws and customs; but we could not possibly add to that the requisite knowledge of the complicated details of applied government. Neither is it at all certain that West African merchants, as a whole, have any real knowledge of the country. So great indeed is their ignorance that, although I inquired while at Cape Coast Castle as to any special fetish customs observed by the Fantis, not one of the white traders I approached knew that any such existed. True, a similar ignorance exists, for the most part, among the Government officials. But if it were an understood thing that a West African civil servant would obtain promotion as vacancies occurred (that the Colonial Secretary would succeed to the Governorship, and so on), it should be possible to obtain a class of trained men to whom the study of West African problems would be at once pleasing and profitable. Thus we might create our experts. The danger to life, however, which must exist so long as climatic conditions go unaltered, would suggest the desirability of gradually filling many places under Government by men of the native races. At the present time Dr. G. F. Easman, on the Gold Coast, and scores of minor officials are standing monuments to the good effect of European training on the native population. These reforms being carried out and due regard being paid to economy, there is no reason why the Crown Colony system should not yet have many years of honourable life before it.

The reasons for at least attempting to mend the Crown Colony system before deciding to end it gather further weight when we come to consider the other alternatives. Either we must abandon West Africa—and surely our commerce alone provides strong enough argument for rejecting such a course of action—or we must be content to allow the colonies to degenerate into mere blood-sucking parasites; or we must adopt some such new form of government as Miss Kingsley puts forward. This last alternative comes with such weight that it demands at least the careful study of all who interest themselves in the future of West Africa. Miss Kingsley's proposal places the government in the hands of a supreme council of traders, advised by legal and medical sub-councils, but would leave the applied government to a mere handful of resident officials and a council of native chiefs. Under her system each chief would be responsible for good government in his own district, but could be interfered with at the discretion of the traders' grand council. This supremacy of the trader is the peg on which hangs everything else. If we prove it to be unsound the whole falls to the ground. In all probability it would not be necessary to go beyond Miss Kingsley's own writings to prove how unfit the trading element is to be entrusted with the reins of government. But the strongest argument against the proposed change is to be found in the fact that a large majority of English traders are in favour of instituting protective tariffs, with the object of preventing foreign merchants from trading in our possessions. During my own residence in West Africa, I constantly heard this subject discussed. The first occasion was at Sierra Leone, when someone referred incidentally to the success a French trader had made of his business in the colony. "They ought not to be allowed to trade in our colonies," said one speaker, and his sentiments were echoed by all present. This spirit in itself should be sufficient to keep the government out of the hands of the trader. But then, again, under Miss Kingsley's system, the trader would be able to defeat the existing laws passed to prevent unfair trading and to pass any others which might assist him to the detriment of the native population. But although no responsible body of traders might be guilty of maliciously using their powers to their own individual interests, there is no doubt that their natural bias would be in favour of traders. The evil of leaving too much power in the hands of the native chiefs can perhaps best be shown by reference to the list* of punishments which M. le Comte C. N. de Cardi gives as having been inflicted within his own knowledge, and which includes crucifixion round a large cask, suspension by the thumbs, and impaling on stakes. These punishments, he says, "are even to this day practised not only in the Niger delta, but in the outlying districts of the West African colonies." He further tells us that the Government rarely ever gets to know about them. Would a council at home in England or a sub-district commission be any the more likely to hear of them? Indeed, the deeper one goes into the plans for this "commercial government" the more unfavourable does the project seem. It becomes the more imperative, therefore, that steps should be taken to put the present Government on a firm basis and to establish a race of "experts" whose duty it shall be to recover England's good name in West Africa.

L. M. Byles.

* "West African Studies," p. 239.

* "West African Studies," p. 535.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

LIBERALS AND DISESTABLISHMENT.

Sir,—Most Liberals will, I think, consider "Mordaunt Crofton's" reasons for staving off disestablishment as long as possible to be singularly weak as compared with the reasons which can be urged in its favour. They are three in number, and are all of a speculative character.

1. He fears that it would prevent a union of the Church of England with the Nonconformist bodies on the one hand and with the people on the other. Well, if he thinks that such a union is possible while the Church remains established he is indeed dreaming, and the policy he and others are endeavouring to shape will never come into existence.

2. He fears that the Church when disestablished will become

a mere sect, with a form of ecclesiasticism repellent to the average layman and the people at large. But the layman will play a new and leading part in a reconstituted Church, as he does in Ireland now; and a sect well-ordered, peaceful, and efficient is surely better than the chaos now existing in the Establishment.

3. It would foster a growing Imperialism; but why is not apparent. What of Imperialism already exists is found to a far greater extent in the established than in the non-established churches.

The only suggested remedy for the present profoundly unsatisfactory state of things in the Established Church is that we should wait till a Liberal Government can appoint Liberal bishops. Episcopacy, which has greatly helped to bring the present trouble on the Church, is still to be relied on as a curative, only the medicine is to come out of the bottles. And this is all that your correspondent has to say in opposition to what he admits to be the growing belief of Liberals, that disestablishment is "the best, the most just, the now only way out of the present deadlock"!

A LIBERAL M.P.

A BALLAD OF AN AUCTION.

"At the present moment there is not a tenant farmer working the land between L—— and H—— Street—a stretch of ten miles or so. The stock and household goods of the last of them, a man of sixty-five, sober and industrious, were sold 'by order of the trustees in bankruptcy' at almost nominal prices. The man has nothing before him but the workhouse."—*Evidence given before the Royal Commission on Agriculture.*

COME up from the field, come up from the fold,
For the farmer has broken; his things must be sold.
Drive the flock from the fold and the stock from the field,
And the team from the ploughing, and see what they yield.
Come up!

Come up from the marsh, come up from the hops,
Come down from the ventways, and down through the copse,
Come up from the hops, come up from the marsh;
For selling is bitter and creditors harsh.

Bring all you can find, take the clock from the wall,
The crocks from the dairy, the armchair and all,
Tear the prints from the wall, bring all you can find,
Now turn up your collars to keep out the wind.

So come up from the field, come up from the fold,
For the poor old farmer, his things must be sold,
And come up from the fold, come up from the field,
And we'll stand here together, and see what they yield.
Come up!

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

"THE IPANÉ."

MR CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM'S "The Ipané" leads out the series which Mr. Fisher Unwin calls his "Over-seas Library"; and does it cavalierly enough. "'Over-sea series' eh?" says Mr. Cunninghame Graham in his preface. "Well, the editor is not so sure of that." Apparently the editor (who signs himself "E. G.") is far from sure: for he begins his general advertisement of the series by groping for a definition. "Where," he demands lyrically—though he modestly prints the question as prose—"Where are the 'Ends of the Empire'? and which are the Over-seas?" "I leave it to you, Mr. G.," says I. "Pray put 'em wherever you please." He continues pathetically "At 'the Ends' of one may arise the beginnings of others to come." And a party is bound to go round and round if he follow Victoria's drum. It *is* a difficulty: but "the aim of 'The Over-seas Library' is purely experimental" and a beginning must be made somewhere. Let us be bold—a "Half-seas-over Library" would never do—and start with Mr. Cunninghame Graham, whose grammar from his opening sentence suggests pioneering—

None of the following sketches and stories have the least connection with one another, or with each other (*l'un et l'autre se disent*).

But it may chance that thus collected some one may see in them a nexus undiscerned by me: mystic, I hope, for it is in the fashion, and no one even in literature, who cares to lag behind.

Which none of us thus constructed fail to recognise in the above sentences, that no one, even in literature, who met them anywhere.

But what Mr. Cunninghame Graham's book really illustrates is the Editor's modest announcement that "'The Over-seas Library' makes no pretence at Imperial drum-beating." No, indeed; the Imperial drum is not often beaten in this fashion—

(1) A nondescript society——

Forbear, reader, to seek a verb for this nominative. There is none.

—which set me thinking whether if (*sic*) after all Pizarro had not better have herded swine in the "dehesas" between Truxillo and Medellin until his death, Almagro kept his shop in Panama, Cortes continued to make love and fight in Cuba, and Alvar Nuñez have remained amongst the Seminoles. But had they done so, perchance America had been reserved for us and over it our flag had floated with "Empire," "Pauperism," "Sunday," and a contingent of the "native" troops from every State to tramp our streets at the recurrent ten years' Jubilee.

(2) Saxon stolidity and Celtic guile, Teutonic dulness, Norman pride, all tempered with east wind, baptised with mist, narrowed by insularity, swollen with good fortune, and rendered overbearing with much wealth, have worked together to produce the type. . . . Thus, through the mist of time, the Celto-Saxon race emerged from heathendom and woad, and, in the fulness of the Creator's pleasure, became the tweed-clad Englishman. Much of the earth was his, and in the skies he had his mansion ready, well aired, with every appliance known to modern sanitary science waiting for him, and a large Bible on the chest of drawers in every room. Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, and countless islands, useful as coaling stations and depôts where to stack his Bibles for diffusion amongst the heathen, all owned his sway—

with much more to the same effect and several passages even less flattering. Decidedly the editor did wisely to announce that the Over-seas Library "makes no pretence at Imperial drum-beating."

Mr. Cunninghame Graham (as we all know) declines to accept the Briton at the Briton's own estimate; holds that the world will not be improved by clapping all its inhabitants into Norfolk jackets or infecting "savage" races with our own vices and the diseases which come of them; believes that "civilisation" spoils good manners as often as not; and bitterly regrets the ugliness and cruelty which follow in the wake of our "Imperial" triumphs. Himself a chivalrous man, a lover of nobility wherever he sees it and a hater of oppression, impatient above all of cant and self-righteousness, he lets his tongue loose upon Britons in general and his fellow Scotsmen in particular. The curious and pathetic part of the business is that he does his reproving with a lack of urbanity which on page after page proclaims him a true son of the "breed" he is attacking and illustrates the insolence he denounces. The paper, for instance, which he calls "Salvagia"—a diatribe against Scotland and all things Scottish—is itself mere "savaging," and its object evidently to annoy any Scotsman who reads it. Doubtless Mr. Cunninghame Graham finds much in his native land to disgust him: but, after all, Scotland *is* his native land, and it distresses a moderately impartial reader to find so gallant a gentleman copying the unamiable example of Ham. I think the likelihood that any service will be done

by the exposure a small one; and I am sure that when Mr. Graham reperuses this paper he will admire the ironical wisdom which inspired him to say in his preface that "most men are ashamed of all they do when once it stares them in the face in moulded type."

Also the method by which he discharges his spleen —by violent and challenging *obiter dicta*—will strike many readers as curiously and infelicitously British. As an "impressionist" Mr. Graham has a rare and delicate talent: his pictures of places and the life lived in them are extraordinarily bright and alive, and the number of them proves that his success is no fluke. Moreover he has many of the gifts of an artist in story-telling. In its own *genre* I know few things to rival the narrative he calls "S.S. *Atlas*"; and in "Snaekoll's Saga" he has come within measurable distance of a small masterpiece. I shall not (forgive me) here assume a diffidence I do not feel. Right or wrong, I have given the subject thought enough to excuse a little confidence: and I say confidently that "Snaekoll's Saga" is not only a fine story as it stands, but has the essential qualities of a very fine one indeed. The greater pity I must think it that Mr. Cunninghame Graham's sense of fitness allowed him to interject into a story which relies on a certain simple grandeur such irritating impertinences as the following—

> The world is to the weak. The weak are the majority. The weak of brain, of body, the knock-kneed and flat-footed, muddle-minded, loose-jointed, ill-put-together, baboon-faced, the white-eye-lashed, slow of wit, the practical, unimaginative, forgetful, selfish, dense, the stupid, fatuous, the "candle-moulded," give us our laws, impose their standard on us, their ethics, their philosophy, canon of art, literary style, their jingling music, vapid plays, their dock-tailed horses, coats with buttons in the middle of the back; their hideous fashions, aniline colours, their Leaders, Leightons, Logsdails . . .

Then follows a deal more of the sort, but I have no patience to transcribe it. The passage is quite impertinent to the story of Snaekoll, an heroic Icelander who had fed his soul on the Sagas and set forth, on a pony as extraordinary as himself, to realise the dream of his life and cross the unknown desert on the edge of which he lived. What are Messrs. Leader, Leighton, Logsdail doing in this galley? Surely we need have no great admiration for any one of the three to feel irritated by the challenge to halt in the midst of a fine tale to have a fling at them. If Mr. Leader's pictures, or coats with buttons in the middle of the back, be worth our resentment, let us resent them on another occasion. "Even," as Matthew Arnold said, "if the disparaging view is right, the note is a violence; for abandoning the true mode of intellectual action—persuasion, the instilment of conviction—it simply astounds and irritates the hearer by contradicting, without a word of proof or preparation, his fixed and familiar notions"—or (let me substitute) by contradicting, without a word of proof or preparation, notions with which, for the moment, he has no earthly concern. Mr. Graham interrupts an heroic story about an Icelander to jeer at Britons for wearing buttons at the back of their coats. It would (to compare small things with great) be just as rational for Sir Henry Irving to introduce "gag" about the County Council or the new Vaccination Act into his acting edition of *Hamlet*. This temptation to "improve the occasion" at any cost is commonly supposed to be a defect most incident to British art; and one notes the fine irony of it in a book mainly devoted to assuring the Briton of his grossness. "Thank Heaven," writes Mr. Graham, "I wrote that which is here collected to please no single being." That's your true independence!—as though one should say, "I write to expose Pharisees. Thank Heaven, I am not as other men, or even as this Leighton was! I pride myself on pleasing no single being. I am a law to myself, *I* am! *I* do what is right in my own eyes"—as if half the mischief with British literature did not lie in confusing this lawlessness with originality!

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

WOOD AND GARDEN.

WOOD AND GARDEN. By Gertrude Jekyll. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE Garden Diary has become an annual; we can reckon up six in as many years, all vivacious and instructive, none equalling in charm the bewitching Idyll of E. V. B., of which in structure and in treatment they are imitations. Her first book, "Days and Hours in a Garden," lies before us as we write, with its wide margin, dainty drawings, soft creamy parchment cover; its mosaic of poetical allusions, of personal reminiscence, of bird and insect romance, forming a groundwork to its horticultural lore; while its first page bears in autograph the name "Susanna Beever," Ruskin's "Lady of the Thwaite," herself the creator and genius of one amongst the loveliest of English gardens. Miss Jekyll's book has not the literary charm which made her model fascinating to other than to garden lovers; depicting a demesne of fifteen acres it sometimes aggravates that vast majority of gardeners whose ownership is bounded by a two-rood plot, and who cannot feel personal interest in her wood and wilderness, pergola and ornamental walls, her seventy rhododendrons, vast primrose clearing, forty yards of daffodil. To visit her gardens, as they visit Chatsworth, Blenheim, Trentham, would instruct these lowly amateurs; its study for practical enlightenment is, as in Tennyson's "Timbuctoo,"

> Teaching to attain
> By shadowing forth the unattainable.

Still, a flower is but a flower, needing the same education in a small garden as in a large; and on plant disposition and nurture there is very much to be learned from Miss Jekyll's long and sound experience. Her guiding principle is harmony of colour, dominating all her selection and massing of vegetation large and small. To colour a special chapter is devoted, while evidence of her tender artistic instinct is scattered through the volume, as in her loving analysis of the Juniper, the Scilla, the Irises; of poor Marie Antoinette's favourite *Omphalodes;* of appropriateness in indoor decoration. Her book is full of wise technical advice; her commendation of autumn sowing suits only Southern Counties; but most of us will hail her recipe for keeping Hellebores fresh in water and her device for eradicating nettles, and may benefit by the minute instructions for dividing roots, dissecting Michaelmas daisies, disposing dark wallflowers amongst pæonies, and scattering half-hardies in herbaceous borders. Her lily-planting on p. 97 will compel ourselves to an outlay on *Lilium giganteum* and *speciosum* when our next bulb catalogue comes in, and her Algerian Iris, Virginian Cowslip, Prophet Flower, and so-called Hyssop, will at the same time in obedience to her enthusiasm be planted in our garden. We should like to press on her in return one or two treasures which she has omitted; the fine *Budleia* of our great-grandmothers, magnificent in vivid foliage and orange balls of bloom, the *Telekia*, silvery French Lavender, *Santolina incana*, exceptional in its winter brightness, and the rich blue *Commelina cœlestis*, on which Louisa Twamley prettily poetised more than sixty years ago. Miss Jekyll fails to mention amongst her ornamental trees the Tulip-tree, the *Paulownia*, *Catalpa*, and the curious, easily-grown *Ginkgo*, sole surviving relic of the arboreal Permian Flora; nor could we possess our souls in peace, if a garden such as hers were in our hands, without a Sundial and a line of Beehives. So cultured a lady might discard one or two slips of verbal slovenliness—"which kinds *will do*," "I understand *most of*," "*the ones* to be left," "are not yet *done with*"; and is not "Amelan*cheir*" on p. 52 a misspelling? We have not yet named the illustrations, numerous, beautiful, and admirably reproduced, which form the chief glory of the book. The "Old

Wall" on p. 117 carries us to Dove Cottage; Wordsworth piling the big stones, and inserting layers of rotten mortar for the ferns which Dorothy brought, and whose progeny clothe the stony bank to-day. The prostrate Firs, the wintry coppice carpeted with early daffodils, the Rhododendron clumps, the *Trillium* in the wild garden—fancy *Trillium*, *Linnæa*, *Smilacina*, growing wild, profuse, and careless, in an English garden!—the grass alleys through the trees, the great Junipers erect and fallen, form brilliant bits of landscape, while the Hollyhocks, Lilies, *Tiarella*, *Yuccas*, beech-stems, are a no less perfect study to the florist. Apart from these, the book, if not an Idyll, is an admirable guide; its wide knowledge born of experience as well as reading, its judgments sound and sensible: for its value as a catalogue, for its beauty as a picture gallery, we would place it on an accessible shelf in the library of every horticulturist.

THE PROBLEMS OF SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE.

TRAVELS AND POLITICS IN THE NEAR EAST. By William Miller. With Map and Illustrations. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THERE is no part of Europe of which Englishmen and Frenchmen, Germans and Italians, know so little as the so-called "Balkan Countries"—that is to say, the regions to the south of the Danube and the Save which were, two centuries ago, under the sway of the Turk, and large parts whereof have now been delivered from that sway without having yet attained fixed boundaries or established stable systems of government. Neither is there any part of Europe which remains in such a condition of unrest and unstable equilibrium, none containing so much inflammable material, where a spark might light up a blaze capable of ending in a great European war. Any account of these countries by a competent observer is therefore welcome. Mr. Miller strikes us as very competent. He has travelled through nearly every part of the Balkan Peninsula, and describes with more or less fulness all the states and districts which lie within it—the Austrian territories, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, Montenegro, Greece, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Servia. Even Crete, Samos, and Constantinople come in. Roumania, which perhaps hardly belongs to the peninsula, yet is closely connected with its political problems, is not dealt with, and Albania touched on only slightly. But of all the other regions we have descriptions which are graphic, generally accurate, and eminently readable; for Mr. Miller writes with clearness and vivacity, and knows how to select for treatment the topics of most interest to Western readers. Of archæology he says little, of history not very much, though his book on the history of the Balkan States proves that he knows the past of these districts pretty minutely. His attention is divided between the externals of the country and the material condition of the peoples on the one hand and their political problems on the other. This latter topic is treated with a discrimination and impartiality not very common among English travellers who handle any branch of the Eastern Question, too many of whom have been so Turcophile, or so Slavophile, or so Philhellene as to destroy our confidence in their judgment. The Greeks, in particular, have almost always been either unduly depreciated by observers who are disgusted with some of their obvious faults, or else have been seen through the rose-coloured glasses of an enthusiasm for the literature and the art which once flourished in the region where the modern Hellenes dwell. Mr. Miller's estimate impresses us as a fair and reasonable one. He does not conceal the faults of the people or the government—the inordinate vanity of the Greeks, their loquacity, their disputatiousness, their instability, their passion for public office, the corruptions of their civil service. But he recognises the difficulties they have had to contend with, and he dwells upon what must impress everyone who visits the East, the enormous superiority of the Greek Government, with all its faults, to that by which the Turks have reduced to misery, penury and solitude some of the fairest parts of Europe and Asia. He does not think—and in this we believe him to be right—that the Greeks are strong enough to carry out their soaring schemes of obtaining Constantinople and establishing a Hellenic Empire round the Ægean Sea. But he thinks they may well hope to attain a prosperity and order much greater than they have yet reached, and may with advantage to the world extend their power further to the north as well as over those islands of the Archipelago which still remain Turkish.

On the results attained by Austrian administration in Bosnia and Herzegovina he bestows warm praise. In twenty years Baron von Kallay has succeeded in establishing perfect order in those districts, has made the population, both Mohammedan and Christian, reasonably contented, has created a system of good schools, has increased the output of the mines, has constructed roads and railways, and given an enormous stimulus to the material progress of the people. Few better pieces of civilising work have been done in our time; and though Austria, having had a free hand, has escaped many of the difficulties which England has had to contend with in Egypt, she had a more turbulent population and a less easily traversible country to deal with.

Montenegro is described at great but not undue length, for this little corner of Europe is one of the most curious and interesting parts of our continent. The government is a pure despotism, but a liberal and reforming one, in which the initiative to progress comes from the monarch. Mr. Miller does justice to the remarkable gifts of the Prince, and dilates, with an enthusiasm which those who have visited this mountain stronghold can understand, on the extraordinary natural features of the Black Mountain and the region which lies below it to the west and south. Of Prince Nicholas, he says:—

> Prince Nicholas, even by the admission of his severest critics the ablest of Balkan sovereigns, has hitherto solved the problem of reconciling the old order with the new, and so long as he lives, Montenegro will go on in the way which he has so ably marked out for her development. The *Gospodur* or Lord, as his people call him, is, indeed, one of the most remarkable men of the day. He combines two qualities which are usually considered incompatible—that of great practical common-sense and that of a poet by the grace of God. No one can understand his character, and therefore the policy of his country, which entirely depends upon his will, without taking both of these characteristics into consideration. The Prince most emphatically knows on which side his bread is buttered, and his public acts are carefully calculated towards the improvement of his political position. If Russia offers him, as she has twice lately done, a shipload of rifles and other materials of war, he thankfully accepts the gift without greatly fearing the givers. If Austria—that Austria whom he fears and hates so much—provides him with subsidies for his roads, and for the diligence which now carries the mails and passengers over them, he carries out the biblical precept of spoiling the Egyptians. . . . The Prince's ideal of government is a liberal autocracy in a conservative nation. Reforms, according to his system of administration, all come from above and not from below, and his conception of his duty is to recognise and bring about such necessary changes as will civilise his people without making them lose their national characteristics. It was thus that he persuaded them to make roads which hitherto they had regarded rather as a possible source of danger than as a commercial advantage. . . . But the absolute government which the Prince has carried on so skilfully for nearly forty years depends entirely for its success on the personality of the monarch. Now it is not so easy as outsiders imagine to administer a country so small as Montenegro, for the prince of such a peculiar state has to ignore the advice which Plato sagely gave to despots in all ages, to keep themselves as far as possible from the public gaze. But Prince Nicholas has lived all his life in the public eye; his subjects know every fact of his career; they see him daily in the streets; they can seek his counsel and invoke his aid whenever they choose. Under these circumstances it is no small praise to the Prince's tact and charm of manner that he has succeeded in remaining a prophet in his own country, and that by almost all his subjects he is regarded with unstinted veneration. As an example of this may be instanced the case of one of them who was thrown into the depths of despair by being deprived for five years of the privilege of kissing his sovereign's hand as a punishment for an offence.

The difficulties of the Eastern Question reach

their maximum, as Mr. Miller truly observes, in Macedonia, that region which still remains under Turkish rule north of Salonica, west and south-west of Bulgaria. For here all the elements of strife and confusion are most fully present and most acutely operative. The population is mixed. There are Serbs and Bulgarians in the interior; there are Greeks along the coast; there are Vlachs (Roumans akin to the Roumans of Wallachia and Moldavia) in some of the mountainous districts. The various Christian Churches are mutually unfriendly, and there is also a considerable body of Mussulmans. The Serb population is encouraged by the Servian Government, the Bulgarian population by the Government of Prince Ferdinand, and there have been moments when the outbreak of an insurrection seemed inevitable, an outbreak which would probably have brought both Servian and Bulgarian troops into the field on opposite sides, and would have involved the interference of Austria, as the Power which generally controls the Serbs, and of Russia as the Power which uses and desires to dominate the Bulgarians. The Turks, of course, do their best to stimulate the hatred of these two Christian races, nor do they neglect to stir up the Vlachs to assert their pretensions, while they connive at and secretly encourage the raids of the Albanian mountaineers, who descend from their fastnesses to harass and plunder the Christian peasants of the plains. Neither Austria nor Russia has, of course, any particular sympathy for either of the leading Christian races. Austria watches for the favourable moment to extend her territory to the Ægean at Salonica, a port which may yet become one of the most important in the Mediterranean, and possibly the starting-point of the mails for India and the Further East. Russia has not renounced her idea of establishing a practical control over Bulgaria which will enable her to secure Constantinople. Meanwhile the country lies in a dismal welter of anarchy and oppression, of robbery and bloodshed. Nothing has been done to carry out the Organic Statute which was elaborated for the reform of the administration by the representatives of the Great Powers after the Treaty of Berlin. Every spring brings with it the danger of an outbreak which might end in a European war. The obvious remedy for the existing condition of things would be to divide up the country between Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Greece, since each State would expect to be considered in the division, and then to induce these four States, with Roumania, to enter into a sort of federation whereby they might protect their independence against Austria and Russia. But this solution is rendered impossible by two fatal obstacles. One is the mutual jealousy and hatred of Serbs, Bulgarians, and Greeks, a hatred quite as bitter as any one of these three races entertains towards the Turks. The other is the determination of Austria and Russia to prevent any alteration of the *status quo* which would be unfavourable to the ultimate designs which each Power entertains. Accordingly, the only solution that can be considered to lie within the sphere of practical politics is one to be arranged by Austria and Russia between themselves, under which the former would obtain what she wants in the western half of the Balkan peninsula, and the latter attain a like satisfaction in the eastern half. But even of a solution of this kind there is little immediate prospect. Though it would improve the condition of the wretched subjects of Turkey, it would retard or destroy the prospects of the ultimate development of free independent States in South-Eastern Europe, so that the friends of freedom need not very ardently desire it.

This Macedonian problem is handled by Mr. Miller with knowledge and insight. We cannot abridge either his description of the facts or his discussion of the possible consequences to which the present troubles may lead. But we can cordially recommend his book to those who would study a question which may at any moment come into the foreground of European politics.

FROM JEAN D'ARRAS TO RODIN.

A History of French Art. By Rose G. Kingsley. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

If Miss Kingsley had ever loved the unwritten (or even the written) laws of English composition with a devotion similar in degree to that which she has lavished upon the study of French architecture, sculpture, and painting, we should perhaps have received from her pen a history of French art which would have taken a permanent place among the achievements of English literature. As it is, we regret to feel obliged to warn French readers of Miss Kingsley's book that "Feeling its way" is *not* a complete English sentence, and that her habit of using a full stop where a comma is all that is necessary is as rare among well-bred English writers as it is objectionable. Before the second edition of "A History of French Art" is called for, the authoress will be well advised to re-write paragraph after paragraph of a work which is full of valuable information, and obviously inspired by a genuine sympathy with all that has been said and done to put French art in a position which commands the admiration of the civilised world.

In an introductory chapter, entitled (not very euphoniously) "The French Race and Soil—an Outline of French Art," Miss Kingsley does justice to the "intensely articulate" French spirit, to the intellectual conscience which makes a typical French gentleman ashamed to be ignorant of the canons of artistic and literary criticism, and constrains him to admire the very talent or taste which rebukes him justly. Yet she recognises the sensitiveness to imaginative sentiment which underlies alike the gravest and the merriest manifestations of French character. Miss Kingsley herself has no small share of such sensitiveness, if we may judge the authoress by much of what is written in "A History of French Art." One of the most fascinating passages in this book, the account of Prud'hon, must live in a reader's memory by reason of its sympathy and insight, although it contains at least two awkward sentences which should have been altered before the manuscript went to the printers. For it is impossible to glance at the page without seeing through it into that garret, in the Rue Cadet, in which the patient artist went on painting his immortal Cupids and Psyches, while his wife raved at him from amidst his half-starved children.

There would be found little difficulty in putting together from Miss Kingsley's almost encyclopædic volume a clear if somewhat arid sketch of her views as to the development of the arts in France. But those views are, upon the whole, so sound, and so modestly indicated by the authoress, that it is essentially the duty of a critic to leave them in their setting, and to call the attention of book-buyers to the extent of the information which they will find between the covers of "A History of French Art." Miss Kingsley devotes twenty-one pages to an account of the architects of the Renaissance—her remarks about the work of Bullant are admirably true, and no one who loves Saint-Germain-en-Laye can afford to ignore the paragraphs which deal with Chambiges. How well Miss Kingsley has "appreciated" the different styles of French painting may be seen by comparing her account of Boucher and Fragonard with the chapter about military painters. But we are not sure that the best passages in "A History of French Art" are not those which deal with sculptors; and in saying this we are praising the book highly, for many of the *obiter dicta* about painters and paintings which it contains are delightful as well as true. Miss Kingsley is fully conscious of the tender grace, the poetic charm, with which so many contemporary French sculptors have succeeded in endowing their work. Yet our authoress almost revels in trying to do justice to Rude, and even to Rodin; she is careful to remind readers that the original plaster model of the head of Rude's monument to Gaspard Monge is

in the Louvre, and speaks of it as "an extraordinary bit of force." Miss Kingsley's book deserves a world-wide circulation, for it is full of good sense and good feeling. A list of "authorities" is placed next to the contents table; and the index of surnames and place-names is distinctly valuable—almost a finishing stroke to the long labour of love which will earn for Miss Kingsley the gratitude of English students of French art, and the respect of the many Frenchmen who admire English intellectual achievement.

PROBLEMS OF INDIA.

ASIATIC STUDIES, RELIGIOUS AND SOCIAL. By Sir Alfred C. Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

THE value of this fascinating series of essays, devoted primarily to an exploration of the religions, sociology, and politics of our Indian empire, lies in the almost unrivalled experience and opportunities for observation which the writer has enjoyed. Throughout his career he has played many parts and discharged most varied duties with credit to himself and advantage to the Government, of which he is one of the most eminent living servants. He joined the Bengal Civil Service just before the Mutiny, in the suppression of which he displayed remarkable gallantry. From district work, that admirable probation through which our best officials must pass, he was advanced to the political charge of the Rájput States of Central India. He has been Governor of two great provinces, head of the Foreign Office during the stormy period of the Afghán War, and he attained on his retirement from active work in India to the dignity of a seat on the Council of the Secretary of State.

But he is much more than the successful ruler of semi-savage races, such as our colonial services turn out by the score. A scholar and a man of letters, gifted with great powers of imagination and insight, master of a style of much force and lucidity, he is well suited to be the interpreter-in-chief of the feelings and aims of the great Oriental races, whom he knows so well, and for whom he shows such a well-reasoned sympathy. He is one of the few officials of our time who have been able to realise the mental attitude of a people whose ways of thought are not as ours are; of jungle folk on the borderland of savagery; of proud, secretive masters of the science of dialectics like the pandits of Násik and Benares. This faculty he showed at an early stage in his career, when his ballad of "The Old Pindaree" taught his countrymen to understand the attitude of the last of the turbulent freebooters towards the new civilisation, which was fated to render such a life as his impossible in the future. The same feat the writer has now repeated in the letters published under the pseudonym of "Vamadeo Shastri," an old-fashioned, reflective Brahman, sadly conscious of the inroads which the new learning is making on the traditional faiths, and peering into the future in search of a fresh basis on which his theology may be reconstructed. Here the *vraisemblance* was so complete as to deceive editors of Anglo-Indian newspapers—to lead one school of Hindu thought to hail the writer as a useful ally, while another denounced him as a renegade, and stirred up pious old ladies to bombard him with tracts and judicious advice.

The first series of these remarkable papers, originally published in 1882 and now reprinted in these volumes, has long been a classic to all students of the religion and sociology of the East. From them, for the first time, we were taught to grasp how one common religion, a faith without a Church, a Pope, a Convocation, could include at once the cultivated, dreamy Vedantist of Benares and the jungle folk who bow down to stone and tree or holy river. He showed, too, how inadequate was the current explanation of the origin of these myriad gods—that they were all Nature-powers in disguise. To create all gods out of cloudland was to forget that cloudland itself was fed from the emanations of the lower world. Not that every Indian god was once a ghost; this, like other master-keys of the mysteries, was seen not to fit every lock. But it was quite clear from the Indian evidence that many of the gods were mortals raised to the sky on account of the eminence or notoriety of their lives on earth, and that this process of deification was suggested by the feeling that the spirit after dissolution must be provided with a fitting home. The recurrence of birth and death in the natural world led up to the theory of transmigration, by which not only men were elevated to the pantheon but the gods themselves were ever descending to earth and showing themselves in successive Avatáras or incarnations. Equally enlightening were the writer's views on the origin of caste and sect, the survival of the old tribal organisation among the Rájputs, the influence of Islám upon Hinduism, and the attitude of the State towards the three competing religions. Two of these, Islám and Christianity, were obviously active missionary faiths. From Sir A. Lyall's criticism of Professor Max Müller we were taught that Brahmanism, which to careless observers seemed an old hulk stranded in a backwater, was really more potent than its great rivals in drawing the jungle races within its fold.

But we are at present more concerned with the essays now added to the original collection. European readers will perhaps turn with the liveliest interest to the views of Vamadeo Shastri on the religious situation. The pessimism of his outlook may, he admits, be accounted for to some extent by the depressing influence of the climate of his native land, but he has good reason for feeling anxiety about the future of his creed. Though with fine irony he gladly accepts Mr. Balfour's treatise on the "Foundations of Belief" as a useful ally, he gazes on the progress of his faith and nation in a spirit of hopelessness akin to despair. He watches with calm contempt our cult of material progress, which drives into the background all that is artistic as well as religious. Secular education, he thinks, only adds to the difficulties of the position, and he scoffs at the unfortunate proposal of a recent Commission to frame a textbook of morality or natural religion for use in native schools. He shows that the assault of the missionary on the vulgar idolatries has no terrors for him—when he is told "that the popular gods are fanciful creatures, we of the priesthood can only reply mournfully that we have known it for some thousand years; the divinities are shadows and signs of the incomprehensible." But the question arises—How is it possible to re-adapt this dreamy Pantheism to the needs of the present day? It may perhaps be possible, he thinks, to utilise the doctrine of transmigration as a stop-gap, but he sadly acknowledges that the dogma is inadequate as a source of moral restraint. It needs, to reinforce its sanctions, the conception of a Supreme Ruler of human action. Such a view, he owns, is alien to the spirit of Hinduism, even if it be admitted that its absence is the main cause why his people are wanting in the concentrated religious enthusiasm so valuable to all races in their early-world struggles.

In his quest of a theological policy adequate to restore the tottering edifice of Brahmanism, he raises the important question of the attitude assumed by the British Government towards the three rival faiths. We began our career in the administration of India with a spirit of religious tolerance, which was adopted partly because we entered the country as traders, and desired to conciliate the native races, partly because the opening of our rule was contemporaneous with the period when the English Church was least active and had not yet dared to assume the *rôle* of a missionary faith. We thus escaped the disgrace of adopting a policy of persecution, which was one of the main causes of the decay of empires founded in heathen lands by our

rivals, the Spaniards and Portuguese. The early Musalmán invaders sacked temples; Mahrattas and Sikhs desecrated mosques. We have thriven on the popular belief that whatever be our mistakes in policy crimes such as these cannot be laid to our charge. But we have, this cool observer thinks, pushed toleration to the point of absolute indifference to the native creeds, and hence towards rival sectaries the attitude of the British officer is that of Gallio. We have been, it is true, compelled to open the doors of our Civil Courts to quaint causes in which it is left to a British judge to decide solemnly on the right to parade an idol through the streets of a sacred city, or to apportion the offerings at a shrine. But on the executive side the authorities are careful to abstain from interference in matters like these. There is nothing the Indian magistrate dreads more than to be forced to deal with a squabble of this kind, for he well remembers how, not long ago, a raging mob raised a revolt in Benares when it was proposed to remove a petty shrine which came in the way of the waterworks, and how the most docile rural population in the world was lashed to fury by the agitation to suppress cattle-slaughter. Further, the English official is conscious of his own ignorance of the mysteries of some obscure cult, interference with which may be an excuse for an outbreak of turbulent licence. So he devotes himself simply to keeping the peace, and professes indifference to the merits of religious controversy.

At the same time it is obvious that in its tolerance of all forms of belief and its impotence to direct such forces and organise them on the side of the ruling power, the Government fails to utilise influences which, wisely directed, might do much to promote law, order, and the progress of civilisation. In a most interesting essay the writer shows how China works in quite a different way. She actively interferes with the Buddhist hierarchy, requiring that the Lama of Tibet, an incarnation of the divine essence, shall be appointed with her sanction; she rewards the Tauist or fetish gods who do good service in checking floods and famine; she conciliates philosophic Confucianism by deifying by a notice in the official Gazette her most eminent subjects, and awarding divine honour to their ancestors. And, indeed, it may readily be admitted that Hinduism is sadly in want of guidance like this, and if we could only interfere with safety we should have gone far towards solving some of the most urgent problems with which the Government is confronted. English statesmen once dreamed of the pacification of Ireland by an alliance with the Church which represents the majority of her people. It is needless to dwell upon the difficulties which must be overcome before such a policy comes within the field of practical politics. That it should now have been raised by official Brahmanism is a fact which may give cause for reflection to the statesmen of our Indian Empire.

These are but a sample of the questions suggested by one of the most valuable contributions to the science of Indian religion and sociology which has been presented to our generation. Not less interesting is the criticism of recent contributions to the study of primitive beliefs by Mr. Frazer, Dr. Jevons and Miss Kingsley. Sir A. Lyall, a practical observer of the beliefs of the forest races, shows a wise caution in accepting the conclusions which this, the latest school of thinkers, has reached by the comparative treatment of savage cult and superstition. The savage mind solves the problems of this world and the next in many different ways; throughout the heathen world it reaches identical conclusions by various routes; and though we may have literary evidence of analogous cults in Greece, Melanesia or Zululand, it does not follow that the course of their development has been everywhere the same. In many cases it is the result of identity of environment where it cannot be traced to direct imitation.

A summary such as this can do little more than indicate some of the more interesting questions suggested by this series of essays. To the student of ethnology and folk-lore they will be of value as containing a large store of first-hand information on the beliefs and social organisation of primitive races. But they are even of higher interest to all who are concerned in the future of our empire. They prove that a high capacity for administration can be combined with, and, in fact, depends on, a careful exploration of folk-belief and sociology. They everywhere display that wide knowledge of, and sympathy with, the thought of subject peoples which cannot be too widely encouraged among all officials to whom falls the responsibility of ruling and training to a higher life the myriad nationalities which the advance of the empire is ever bringing under our sway.

ADMIRALS ALL.

FROM HOWARD TO NELSON: TWELVE SAILORS. Edited by J. Knox Laughton, M.A. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

PROFESSOR LAUGHTON frankly tells us that there is no pretence to original research in this volume; he has picked out twelve famous English sailors, and got their biographies written by naval men of our own time. All the writers save two are admirals of one degree or another; the two exceptions are Captain Montagu Burrows, the well-known Chichele History Professor at Oxford, and the editor, who, in theory at any rate, knows everything there is to be known about seafaring men. To show how old methods strike the naval experts of the present, such is the design. The mere narratives are obviously of little use; they fall, so to speak, between two stools. Of most of the subjects full biographies are extant; and if these seem too long, and all you want is a summary of the career—well, is there not the "Dictionary of National Biography," almost the native heath of the learned editor? Perhaps the best way to carry out the idea were to make each entry a criticism of character and achievement; but here a new difficulty arises: well known as these naval heroes are, their careers are not so fixed in the minds of the general reader as to render mere criticism useful—Nelson is the only exception—so that some detail seemed necessary. All the biographies are done with care and discrimination, but those of Rooke, Hawke, Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, and Hood do not strike you as remarkable. "Anson," by Vice-Admiral Markham, is as interesting as a sensational novel, but then there was Anson's "Voyage Round the World" to draw on, a naval classic of dubious parentage but of undoubted fascination. Impossible for any Englishman to read the adventures of the gallant little *Centurion*, with its climax in the capture of the treasure-ship, without a certain happy pride! Admiral Markham has told the condensed story in admirable fashion. Again, the methods of naval warfare are so changed that modern seamen must be rather "out of it" in criticising old-time marine battles. What could you learn from an engine-driver's disquisition on stage-coaches?

The first biography is that of Lord Howard of Effingham, Earl of Nottingham, who commanded the English fleet in its memorable victory over the Armada. The story of this attempted invasion has been often told, yet here it strikes you with new force. The result of Professor Laughton's lucid statement is almost to destroy your feeling of pride at the English victory. The Spaniards had lost their only capable naval commander, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, just before the expedition started; they had little money, and their fighting plant, so to speak, was deficient in every respect; they could do nothing, however superior in numbers and size, unless they could come to an arm-to-arm fight, a thing which the English could and did carefully avoid. The Spaniards really never had a chance; the Armada was hopelessly out-sailed and out-manœuvred; the English drove them as they liked,

with what result the world knows. Professor Laughton delights, with the natural instinct of his kind, to destroy ancient fictions. The English supply of powder gave out unseasonably, and this, it was said, arose from the Queen's parsimony. "No foundation for this," says he; but then he tells us that Drake demanded more from the Council, but they "either from want of faith or want of means did not remedy the defect." But was not their "want of means," at any rate, a direct or indirect result of Elizabeth's closefistedness? Professor Laughton refers to the reiterated assertion that Howard was a Roman Catholic. Now, this is a superstition of the present century; he brings forward conclusive evidence to prove that if Howard had leanings that way he conformed to the times most completely. Perhaps the tradition arose because he was of the Norfolk family; but was not the fallacy exposed in *Notes and Queries* some half a century ago?

One would like to say something of Vice-Admiral Bedford's "Drake," a fascinating story told in admirable fashion, or touch on Captain Burrows' "Blake," who was in turn "an Oxford scholar, a Bridgwater merchant, and a colonel in the army of the Commonwealth. At the age of fifty he commenced admiral, and in eight years well earned a place among our famous seamen—but these must be passed over. The two contributions that seem to us best to fulfil the ideal of the volume are Admiral Colomb's "St. Vincent" and "Nelson." The character of Nelson is a splendid piece of literary work; the writer shows us what he was, and how he seemed, robbed of the glamour of Trafalgar; not sure of himself and not completely trusted by others, impulsive to beyond a fault, given to prejudice, yet adored by those he commanded, warm-hearted and generous, a man with so fascinating a personality that his very faults have something lovable. His method of warfare was something like Napoleon's. "Be strong at the attacking point" was his maxim. Admiral Colomb almost wonders how other commanders had not this secret, and how they went at the enemy "anyhow," gaining a victory indeed, but with loss that might have been spared. Yet the principle is one thing; the thousand details under which it must be applied in practice is another. In the mastery of these details Nelson's excelling genius shone forth.

THE ATONEMENT AND THE UNIVERSE.

RECONCILIATION BY INCARNATION. By D. W. Simon, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

THIS is a strenuous, learned, and able attempt to solve one of the most important yet difficult of problems. Its method is to bring the doctrine of Reconciliation into the closest possible connection with the doctrine of Incarnation, and to base the treatment of both on a distinct Cosmology and Psychology. Its main conclusions are these: God needs to be reconciled to man, and not only man to God. Reconciliation is to be distinguished from liberation from sin and deliverance from evils. Incarnation and Atonement presuppose a Cosmology in which are recognised as the ultimate factors of the universe, *matter* created by God, *energy* proceeding from God, and *divine idea;* and in which an *evolution* of the world is admitted under a law of *recapitulation* which, prevailing throughout, culminates in man. God as the environment of man has normally two relations to man, a personal and a vital, or bio-dynamic; and this relation is necessarily conditioned by man's relation to God, which, on account of sin, is abnormal, and therefore involves a disturbance of God's normal relations to man. The rectification of this abnormal relation involves on the part of man a confession and condemnation of sin seen from the point of view of God, sorrow and pain because of the divine sorrow and pain, and a desire to atone or offer satisfaction; but this rectification is impossible to man without both personal and dynamic divine action. While this action took place in the history of humanity prior to Christ without adequate result, yet the final solution of the problem was given in the Incarnation of the Logos, who had a prior constitutional relation to the world as a partial immateriation of the Logos-idea, a relation which involved accommodation to the world and self-limitation on the part of the Logos, and which was further affected by sin. A yet fuller *kenosis* of the Logos was involved in the Incarnation, a kenosis, however, not of the possession of divine power and knowledge, but of the consciousness of possession, and consequently of the exercise of this knowledge and this power. The Incarnate Word fulfilled the conditions of reconciliation by His experience of temptation without sin, by His sympathy with God's condemnation of sin—whilst bearing the penal consequences of sin—by making satisfaction to the dishonour done to God, and by His approach to man in revealing to man God's purpose of grace and in energising man by the Spirit to respond to this purpose. Lastly, the evidence of the fulfilment of these conditions is the Christian consciousness, in contrast with the heathen, as regards treatment of sin, sympathy with God, and rendering of satisfaction to God.

The book covers a very large field, and some parts are very satisfactory and suggestive, but other parts challenge strong objections. The Cosmology really proves a hindrance. The testimony of Scripture and of Christian experience is subordinated to this alien authority. But the Cosmology itself is of very dubious value. Can thought rest in these ultimate factors of the universe? Should not a Christian Cosmology subordinate matter and energy to idea, to use the author's term, although spirit would be a much better word? Again, is not this distinction between God's personal and His vital or bio-dynamic relation to man, merely verbal, due to an inadequate conception of personality, and having as its result a biological instead of a genuinely ethical treatment of many of the questions involved? As regards the Incarnation, the author virtually limits the organic unity of the Logos with humanity to His flesh and blood (p. 321), denies the individuality and personal development of Christ (p. 327), and, in spite of his protest, does introduce an element of semblance into the life of Christ (p. 355) by his unreal distinction between a kenosis of possession and a kenosis of consciousness of possession (p. 313). His five points (pp. 355–6) regarding the Incarnation will appear to many not an experimental theology, but a speculative mythology. His doctrine of atonement suffers, as does the exposition throughout, from the application of the inferior category of energy to the divine action in Christ. It seems to amount to this: that Christ first shows man how he must be reconciled to God, and then affords man the power so to reconcile himself. Yet this work, with all its defects, deserves the notice of all who are interested in the restatement of Christian truth in terms of modern thought.

THE AGE OF HADRIAN.

THE EMPEROR HADRIAN. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Mary E. Robinson. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE famous essay of Ferdinand Gregorovius on the Emperor Hadrian and his times has a peculiar history. It was written in the early enthusiasm of the author for historical study, published at Königsberg in 1851, and presented to the public in a new form in 1883, when the new documentary evidence—especially that of the inscriptions—which a generation of scientific research had produced and the maturer powers of the essayist had revealed the inadequacy of the earlier work. The apparent want of interest in the political and literary history of the Roman Empire after the first century has prevented the work of Gregorovius from falling behind the times. Just as in the study of the heroic-verse

writers of the period there is but one Nisard, so Gregorovius has been eclipsed by no rival painter of the general movements of the Græco-Roman world over which Hadrian ruled. Consequently, Miss Robinson has undoubtedly done the English historical student of this period a service in translating the "Life of Hadrian" in a satisfactory manner. We think the most meritorious part of the essay will be found in the second book, in the Chapters VII. to XXI., which take a comprehensive view of science, literature, philosophy, religion, and art. In these it is not difficult to discern the enthusiasm of a student under the potent spell of Rome and all things Roman; the writer's strong interest naturally impregnates his account, and makes his pages luminous and very readable. But Professor Pelham, in an introduction, gives us a timely warning that Gregorovius, "not a historian of the first order," is apt to be weak when dealing with political history and the technicalities of Roman administration, and is not always precise in his use of technical terms. Moreover, though he has painted us a portrait of Hadrian, "the restless traveller, the indefatigable connoisseur and collector, the patron of learning and the arts," Gregorovius has not succeeded in bringing into relief, even if he has suggested, the dominant idea which really unifies a versatile character and an exceptionally diversified career. He is misled by Hadrian's position as successor to the warrior Trajan and predecessor of the thinker Marcus Aurelius into discounting Hadrian's military and administrative work. This wrong estimate peeps out in the words (p. 345), "Hadrian was no warrior prince; he had no victories to commemorate. If he was represented as Mars this flattery was only meant to show the attention he paid to the army." Now Hadrian was in reality a thorough soldier, an authority on the theory and practice of war; he gave much of his time to arranging a system of frontier defences, and to maintaining the efficiency of the frontier troops; he was often occupied in reviewing these frontier troops and inspecting these frontier stations. Had Gregorovius not made the mistake of underrating this military trend of Hadrian's life, it is possible he would have seen its connection with his general policy. We cannot doubt that Professor Pelham is right in maintaining that this frontier policy of precise delineation—to use the famous words of Augustus, *coercendi intra terminos imperii*—and vigilant defence was part and parcel of his master plan of making the empire a single well-compacted state. The cosmopolitan character which Gregorovius so often notices in much that Hadrian effected (*e.g.* in the ideal sculpture he encouraged) is to be referred to the same unifying conception. "His cosmopolitanism," says Professor Pelham, "was in reality imperialism." The imperial idea—the idea of a single Roman state—was in the air; Hadrian seized it, and with the skill and perseverance of a statesmanship far higher than can be claimed for Trajan or Marcus Aurelius steadily pursued its realisation. With this *Reichsidee* in our hands as a clue, we are led to understand many points in several departments of the emperor's administration which till now have appeared arbitrary.

With this only caution, the student will do well to acquaint himself with this comprehensive and accomplished sketch of the man and his times. The accounts of the relations of Paganism and Christianity, and of the marvellously prolific art by which more than anything else the age of Hadrian is known to latter-day men, are especially interesting reading in our material times. On the whole the translation is satisfactory, though by no means faultless. Thus (p. 327): "In the decree sent to Fundanus a device of the Christians has been perceived to secure for Christianity," etc., the order of words is open to improvement. There are other signs of want of care: *e.g.* p. 312, note 2, l. 2 ὥρμητο should surely be followed by a comma, and p. 315, *Daisidæmonia* should read *Deisidæmonia;* p. 333, l. 3 from bottom, "And here" should read "But here."

FICTION.

THE INDIVIDUALIST. By W. H. Mallock. London: Chapman & Hall.

MR. PASSINGHAM: AN EPISODE IN HIS LIFE. By Thomas Cobb. London: John Lane.

A DASH FOR A THRONE. By Arthur W. Marchmont. London: Hutchinson & Co.

EVERYBODY knows what to expect in a story by Mr. Mallock. "The Individualist" has the usual story in which sentiment and sensualism are deftly intermingled, and a plot clumsily constructed is cleverly told. We have the usual smart talk, rendered piquant by Mr. Mallock's undoubted wit, and the usual impertinences by the aid of which Mr. Mallock pays off his personal debts to those who have offended him. "The Individualist" is scarcely so coarse as some of the author's previous stories, but its lack of coarseness is made up by its excess of impertinence. Mr. Mallock, it is true, solemnly disclaims the charge of having introduced portraits, or rather caricatures, of his contemporaries into his latest novel. Mr. Mallock, of course, believes that his disclaimer is true, but he will scarcely get anyone else to share his simple faith. His innocence must, indeed, be colossal if he does not see that many of the characters to whom we are introduced in "The Individualist," accidentally or otherwise, have been described in such a manner that it is impossible not to associate them with well-known persons now living amongst us. We are not going to name the people of whom we have gross and unveracious representations in this book, but we would suggest to Mr. Mallock that if he wishes the readers of his next lampoon to believe his disclaimer of personalities he will do well to exercise greater care in avoiding those outward points of resemblance between his fictitious characters and real persons in describing which he finds his chief delight and displays his greatest skill as a novelist. The plot of "The Individualist," as we have hinted, is the reverse of brilliant. Its counterpart might be found in any ancient number of *The Family Herald;* but the inanity and absurdity of the old stock business about the deserving hero who comes into unexpected possession of a large fortune, only to be suddenly dispossessed when he is enjoying himself most keenly by the unforeseen appearance of the true heir, are, to some extent, concealed by the fluent flippancy of speech with which the author endows all his characters. Each is brilliant, cynical, sentimental, or lachrymose in his or her own style, but all have a gift of tongues that in real life would have made them the terror of all their friends. Now and then one of them says a good thing, and we hail it joyfully as an oasis in the desert of gritty speech. But there are not so many oases as to make "The Individualist" a good book. People will, indeed, read it chiefly for those things which Mr. Mallock assures us it does not contain.

It is not often that we get a story the workmanship of which is so admirable as is that of "Mr. Passingham." The story itself is simple enough. A young earl, Lord Dewhurst by name, to the great consternation of his mother, has fallen in love with a beautiful detrimental of unknown origin, named Zelie Trenchard. Lady Dewhurst, in her distress, turns to her old friend and trusted counsellor, Mr. Passingham, a politician of high position and great wealth, for advice and assistance. Mr. Passingham, as a man of the world, shares Lady Dewhurst's view as to the impossibility of allowing the young earl to throw himself away upon a penniless nobody, no matter how beautiful she may be. Being a man of action, Mr. Passingham accepts Lady Dewhurst's commission to see Miss Trenchard and her mother, in order, if possible, to secure the withdrawal of the young lady from her engagement to the earl. It is

a great shock to Mr. Passingham to discover that Mrs. Trenchard is a lady with whom, in her extreme youth, he had himself been on terms of the closest intimacy. Mrs. Trenchard, in fact, represents Mr. Passingham's past, a past of which the world has no knowledge, and one that is much more discreditable to him than to the unfortunate lady whom he had beguiled and deserted whilst she was still in her teens. Even the fact that Mrs. Trenchard, after his desertion, had made a fortunate marriage, and is now left with her only child in easy circumstances, does not quite remove the painful impression which her reappearance makes upon her old lover. But now that he knows who Mrs. Trenchard is, he is more confirmed than ever in the opinion that the daughter of her marriage with the deceased Trenchard is not a person who ought to become Countess of Dewhurst. So, with the Machiavellian craft which distinguishes him, he undertakes the odious task of separating the young lady and her betrothed. With infinite skill and patience he succeeds in his unpleasant work; but he does so at a heavy cost. The shock of giving up her lover in order, as she is led to believe, that she may save his mother's life, is too much for the poor girl. She falls desperately ill, and the doctor gives but little hope of her recovery. It is at this moment, when Mr. Passingham's not very tender conscience is disturbed by the thought of the suffering and injury which he has caused an innocent girl to endure, that he makes the discovery that, instead of being the daughter of the late Mr. Trenchard, she is his own child. Here we must leave the story, contenting ourselves with a word of strong praise of the admirable way in which Mr. Cobb has told it.

"A Dash for a Throne" is one of the many stories that would never have been written but for the publication of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Marchmont may not have succeeded in investing the character of his hero with the charm that attaches to Rupert Rassendyl, but he has produced a very good story with a few novel features of its own. The tale hinges upon a plot for dethroning the mad king of Bavaria, and installing in his place the representative of another branch of the royal family. The daughter of a certain Prince Gramberg is this representative. She has no desire to become a queen, and she abhors the notion of marriage with Count von Nauheim, whom she has to accept as her husband as part of the bargain which is to place her on the throne. At the moment when the plot is at its most critical stage Prince Gramberg dies, and his daughter is left without any friend or protector except the lover whom she hates. The prince's successor is a nephew whom the Countess Minna has never seen, but of whose weakness of character she has heard much, and from whom, consequently, she can hope for no assistance. To her great surprise, the new prince, when he arrives upon the scene, is found utterly to belie his reputation. He is bold, resolute, and straightforward, and he no sooner grasps the intrigues of which the unfortunate Countess Minna is the centre than he makes her cause his own, and sets to work to frustrate the designs of her enemies. The truth is that the new prince is, after all, an impostor, half-English, half-German, who, by a combination of accidents, has been forced into a position to which he is not entitled. He is an honest man, and would gladly rid himself of his fictitious rank were it not that he sees that by doing so he would leave the Countess Minna at the mercy of her foes. So he stays, and plays a pretty game in the desperate plots and intrigues of men who seem to belong more fitly to the Middle Ages than to the reign of the present Emperor of Germany. In excitement, and in the rush of incident, "A Dash for a Throne" will compare favourably with most stories of the kind that we have had of late, and there are some novel features in its plot that must help to stamp it upon the reader's memory.

MORE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW strikes us as exceptionally good this month. In the plea for an early Dissolution, to which reference was made last week in our columns, "Carltonensis" passes some very free criticisms on the *personnel* of the Ministry, though he absurdly over-estimates their collective popularity and achievements. Sir Benjamin Browne speaks with authority on American competition in the engineering trade—the harm done by the practice our great companies have of building their own locomotives is the most interesting of his points—and Mr. W. R. Lawson tells Russia that she may be thankful if she can borrow at 4 or 5 per cent. Lieutenant-Colonel Meysey Thompson's article is hardly about the "Ethics of Horse-Racing," but about many curious things connected with the turf, interesting, but not obvious, to outsiders. Mr. H. W. Wilson examines, unfavourably, the last French plan for the invasion of England. Save for his Gallophobia, he also is readable. (When will authors learn that nations are not unities?) And there is a specially attractive paper by Miss Catherine Dodd on a charming pair of twin boys from the age of four to that of seven, educated by a specially intelligent German governess. A special supplement by Sir Godfrey Lushington is of permanent value as a record of the Dreyfus case. Mr. A. Maurice Low's notes on the financial position in America are premature, but (we fear) essentially correct.

In *The Forum* Mr. Low also contributes some valuable notes on Canada. The upshot is that the Dominion, despite the vast differences between her provinces, puts her own interest before either loyalty to England or sympathy with America. Mr. Brooks Adams carries on (*à propos* of West Indian problems) the thesis he has elsewhere put forward as to the tendency to "consolidation" *versus* trade competition, and its connection with State Socialism; and Mr. F. A. Channing, M.P., reviews the crisis in the Church of England.

In the *Nuova Antologia* Mr. Richard Bagot, presumably an Irish Roman Catholic, asks if England will become Romanist, and answers with an emphatic and well-grounded No. A poem (in dialect) embodying a story of the Roman Campagna, may attract the curious, and there are articles which look attractive on Tolstoi and Paul Heyse. It is gratifying to see that the three pages of literary notes (a new feature) deal very largely with English literature.—In *The Humanitarian* a study of the Duchesse d'Uzès (with a photograph) is timely; and Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon's explanation of the reasons why women do not marry may come as a surprise to those sociologists who may have supposed that it was chiefly for want of suitors.

In *Blackwood* appears a true story of adventure, written in 1822 by a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, who was for ten years a prisoner under Napoleon. Professor Dowden, who edits the narrative, has abbreviated it somewhat, and has made certain necessary corrections of phrase and sentence. But no detail has been added, no incident of any real importance has been omitted, and the prisoner's story is full of suggestion for a thrilling romance. Mr. Alexander MacDonald writes of pioneering in Klondike, a new serial by "Jack" begins in this number, and there is also an article by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. In "Rusticus in Urbe" a "Country Cousin" contributes some very shallow and flippant commonplaces, enlivened by rather pointless sneers to relieve the staid decorum of the magazine: *Blackwood* may surely give us something better than this.—*The Gentleman's Magazine* contains a complete story by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and several interesting articles. Mr. W. C. Mackenzie traces the history of the Highland clan system. Mr. W. Burnet's account of a visit to a French primar school will give English readers some idea of the French system of education. A biographical sketch has for its subject Bo Jonsson Trip,

Chancellor of Sweden in the fourteenth century, and one of the strangest figures to be found in history. Altogether this is a good number.—*The Windsor Magazine* makes allowance for differences of taste on the part of its readers. Mr. S. E. Waller tells the story of a notorious gang of highwaymen, the Dunsdons, who were hanged in chains in Wychwood Forest in 1784; Mr. J. Foster Fraser writes of life in a Lancashire cotton-mill; Mr. Frederick Dolman gives particulars of some London art schools; and short biographies of the members of this year's Australian team are contributed by Mr. George Cranley. The article which is, perhaps, the most interesting deals with Sir John Furley and his ambulance work. Sir John has seen many adventures. As commissioner for the British National Aid Society he was in the thick of the Franco-German war. During the armistice, in defiance of the French authorities, who declined to allow him to enter Paris, and of the German authorities, who told him facetiously that he might try to get in if he liked, but that he would not get very far, Sir John drove into the capital disguised as the coachman of a well-known diplomatist, and was able to render invaluable assistance to the beleaguered inhabitants. There is a serial by Mr. S. R. Crockett, and amongst other contributors are Messrs. Bret Harte, Ian Maclaren, W. L. Alden, and Carlton Dawe.

The contents of the *Argosy* consist principally of fiction, and are hardly up to its usual standard.

Harper's Magazine contains a good complete story by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and serials by Messrs. W. D. Howells and H. B. Marriott Watson. Mr. John Hyslop contributes a useful paper on needful precautions for safe navigation, and Dr. Henry Smith Williams reviews the century's progress in scientific medicine. In "The Rescue of the Whalers" Lieutenant Bertholf describes a sled journey of sixteen hundred miles in the Arctic regions. The Waterloo campaign is to the fore in *Cornhill*. Some hitherto unpublished memoirs of Commissary-General Tupper Carey are followed by the letters of a soldier from the Peninsula and Waterloo, and Canon Stavely contributes some military anecdotes of which the majority are now published for the first time. Mr. Meredith Townsend's sketch of Mrs. Oliphant is interesting. Mr. Karl Blind writes of the German Revolution of 1848-49. There is a complete story by Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, and an instalment of Mr. Crockett's serial, "Little Anna Mark."—In *Macmillan's Magazine* Mr. George E. Boxall traces the evolution of the Australian, and shows how Australian patriotism has asserted itself in spite of all efforts which have been made to stamp it out. To realise how these efforts were made Mr. Boxall goes back to the time of the Englishmen who first colonised Australia, and who were so proud of the country of their birth that they continually impressed upon their Australian-born children the idea that they were in some way inferior to those who had been born in England. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's serial is continued.—The Stephenson Letters, which appear in *Scribner's Magazine* this month, were written from Davos during the winters of 1880 and 1882. Miss Cecilia Waern writes of some Scandinavian painters, and Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch contributes an instalment of his serial story, "The Ship of Stars." Amongst other contributors are Messrs. Henry James and Joel Chandler Harris.—A good number of the *Century* contains contributions from Messrs. F. Marion Crawford, Frank R. Stockton, Hamlin Garland, and Paul Leicester Ford. Mr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler's eighth paper on Alexander the Great deals with the battle of Guagamela.—*Chambers's Journal* contains many articles upon many subjects. Perhaps its most interesting features are the late Sir Lambert Playfair's reminiscences, and a paper on "Liquid Air" by Mr. T. C. Hepworth.—In the *Idler* "Max O'Rell," otherwise M. Paul Blouët, is the subject of an article by Mr. Arthur Lawrence. Mr. George A. Wade gives sketches of some leading generals of the Continent, and amongst those members of the "Idler's Club" who discuss "Spirit Manifestations" are Messrs. Andrew Lang and H. D. Lowry. There are some short stories and part of Mr. Walter Raymond's serial.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

In this sultry weather the very thought of the high mountains is refreshing, even to climbers who see small chance at the present of requiring hints for Alpine travellers. The slim little book was first published by the late President of the Alpine Club, under a slightly different title, as far back as 1863, and every climber knows its value. Mr. Coolidge—a former editor of the *Alpine Journal* and a recognised authority on mountaineering—has just brought out a new edition, which places the little manual, which is issued under the auspices of the Alpine Club, abreast of the latest information. Ordinary tourists, who have no ambition to make difficult ascents, will find the last days of June an excellent time for settling down in the inhabited valley of the Alps, though, as a rule, the weather in July and August is less fickle than earlier in the summer. One drawback is that in June the cattle have not been sent up to the higher pastures, and that means that the châlets to which climbers resort for shelter and refreshment are not yet inhabited. On the other hand, as these pages show, the length of the day greatly helps long expeditions, the glaciers are more easily traversed, as the crevasses are not so wide and are often covered over by snow bridges, whilst nothing can exceed the beauty of the Alpine pastures in June before the grass and flowers have been trodden down or eaten by the cattle. July and August are the popular months in the Alps, but old climbers prefer the first half of September, as the weather is generally settled then and the inns are less crowded. Explicit hints about guides and porters, inns and club huts, luggage and post-offices, are given side by side with scientific notes on geology and botany, the chances and methods of photography in the High Alps, and other points of practical interest. A list of books and maps and a glossary of Alpine terms fill the closing pages of this invaluable and pithy manual.

In spite of all that has been written on the Game of Kings—for that is the literal derivation of the term—there is still room for as explicit and practical a manual for beginners as Mr. Cunnington's "Modern Chess Primer." Chess is a science as well as an art, and the laws which govern its play are the same all over the world. As to its origin, that is involved in a controversy which no one seems able to settle—in fact, its beginnings are lost in the twilight of history. It was probably either in Persia, India, or China that an intellectual pastime, which Robert Burton, of "Melancholy" fame, asserted was too troublesome for some men's brains, had its beginnings. How it found its way into Europe is also a matter for conjecture, but it was in vogue among people of quality before the Crusades, and the first book printed by Caxton from metal types in England was a translation from the French of "The Game and the Playe of the Chesse." In this lucid exposition of the principles underlying the subtle pastime Mr. Cunnington takes nothing for granted, and avowedly "chooses the risk of seeming tedious rather than the fault of passing too lightly over what a beginner might find difficult." Step by step the moves of the sixteen chessmen within the mystic sixty-four squares are explained, from the simplest start to checkmates and stratagems only possible to an adept. Each game shows the pieces on the board as an object-lesson, and the book explains chess terms, the British code, and gives a useful bibliography of the literature of the subject, though, of course, only by way of selection, since thousands of books have been written on the game. The beginner is reminded—on the authority of Dr. Franklin—that by playing at chess, he may acquire lessons which may serve him in good stead in the game of life, since chess of all others is a game of consequences, and teaches foresight, circumspection, caution, and the habit of not being unduly discouraged under adverse conditions, but in persevering in the search for fresh openings. Mr. Cunnington's own hints are pithy and admirable. One of the best is "study well annotated games; you insensibly learn how

* Hints and Notes, Practical and Scientific, for Travellers in the Alps. By the late John Ball, F.R.S. New Edition prepared by W. A. B. Coolidge. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The Modern Chess Primer. By the Rev. E. E. Cunnington, M.A. London: George Routledge & Sons.

Life and Nature at the English Lakes. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Honorary Canon of Carlisle. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons.

Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin. By Walter Besant and E. H. Palmer. Fourth Edition enlarged. Illustrated. London: Chatto & Windus.

The Empire and its Heroes. By C. H. Simpkinson, M.A. London: Wake & Dean.

The Way of the Kingdom, and other Poems. By William Hall, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Christian Perfection. By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D. (Little Books on Religion.) London: Hodder & Stoughton.

to post your men to advantage, the notes pointing out the lapses of players." Perhaps as necessary is the reminder that there is no room for sentiment in chess. The beginner must play strictly according to the laws of the game, but within them he must play steadily for his own hand, leaving his opponent to look after his own interests.

Canon Rawnsley has just brought together a pleasant sheaf of desultory gossip about "Life and Nature at the English Lakes." He describes with enthusiasm and humour such typical gatherings as the Grasmere Sports, the sheep-dog shows at Troutbeck, and a North-country Eisteddfod at Kendal. How the tercentenary of the Armada was commemorated on the top of Skiddaw is the text of another paper, whilst the majesty of the sunrise over Helvellyn serves to bring us in touch with the poetry of Nature. There is a touch of artless pathos in an essay filled with memories of Greta Hall, entitled "The Last of the Southeys"—the going out to burial from the old gates of the last of the old Poet Laureate's children. It chronicles the snapping of the final link with the poet, who died as far back as the spring of 1843. Quaint recollections of Robert Southey still linger like a faint tradition in the country side. "Was Mr. Southey often seen?" I once asked. "Ay, ay, moast every daay. He could go out all wedders; and if it was fine he would have a béuk in his hand and be gaan slow, and if it was wet he would step away grandly. The way he would go up Causey or Walla Crag was something serious. There was no pride about Southey. He moast always wore clogs, and all the bairns wore clogs, and he had a fawn-coloured all-round cwoat and a cap with a neb to it—that was his rig—vara plain, you mind, but vara neat; not a button off nor nowt; but he nivver wore swaller-lappeted cwoats, for o they was in vogue—moastly all-round lang fawn ones. And at times, latterly, he had brown cwoat with cape to it, over shoulders; but that was at end o' his time, ye kna'." There is still one old lady in the district who proudly recalls how she as a little girl helped her playmates, the children at Greta Hall, to twine a laurel wreath, to set upon their father's brows when he returned from London in November, 1813, as Poet Laureate.

Years ago—to be exact, in 1871—Sir Walter Besant and the late Professor E. H. Palmer published a book based on historical and archæological research about Jerusalem from the death of Herod Agrippa to the present age of pickaxe and spade. This fourth edition does not appear to differ from the revised version which appeared in 1888 under the supervision of the survivor of the two authors. Sir Walter Besant frankly admits that many controversies have been settled—thanks to the labours of Conder, Schick, and others—since the book was written. Amongst the rest, the exact site of the Pool of Bethesda and the Hill of Golgotha have been discovered. The course to the south of the First Wall has been traced, and a bit of the Second Wall has been found. Sir Walter Besant asserts that it would be a great relief if it could be proved that the Second Wall ran outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, because such a discovery would "absolutely necessitate the downfall of a mass of superstition the like of which the world has never seen." The book throws a great deal of light on manners and customs, ancient and mediæval, for it deals with the siege and capture of Jerusalem by Titus, the last revolts of the Jews, the Christian occupation of the city for 300 years, the Mohammedan conquest, the Crusades, the establishment of a Christian kingdom, the triumph of Saladin, and the unbroken supremacy of Moslem rule in subsequent ages. The closing pages contain an account of the excavation and discoveries of the Palestine Exploration Fund, which began its operations in the year 1865. Sir Walter claims that a work has been accomplished by this organisation for ordinary students of the Bible which is not less important than the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue. One valuable characteristic of this book consists in the clearness and ability with which the Mohammedan side in the story of the historic struggle for the possession of the Holy Places is told.

Amongst other books of the moment are "The Empire and its Heroes," by Mr. C. H. Simpkinson, of Balliol College, Oxford; "The Way of the Kingdom, and other Poems," by Mr. William Hall; and "Christian Perfection," by Dr. P. T. Forsyth, of Cambridge. Mr. Simpkinson describes the growth of the empire since the death of Queen Elizabeth, and lays stress on the men and measures that have helped the English people to attain the right of self-government. The little book is written with judgment as well as knowledge, and its pages throw into bold relief the epoch-making incidents in the struggle for liberty. Portraits and pictures enhance the charm of an impressive record. Mr. Hall's poems, though full of devotional fervour and not lacking in thought, are somewhat disappointing in lyrical expression. Dr. Forsyth, of Cambridge, is perhaps the most scholarly and thoughtful of the younger men in the ranks of the Congregational ministry. He is a thinker who follows unconventional lines, and probes deeply every problem with which he deals. His latest volume belongs to the series known as Little Books on Religion, and is marked by hard thinking and clear vision. Pre-eminently a book for the quiet hour of self-questioning, when destiny as well as duty seem at stake.

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